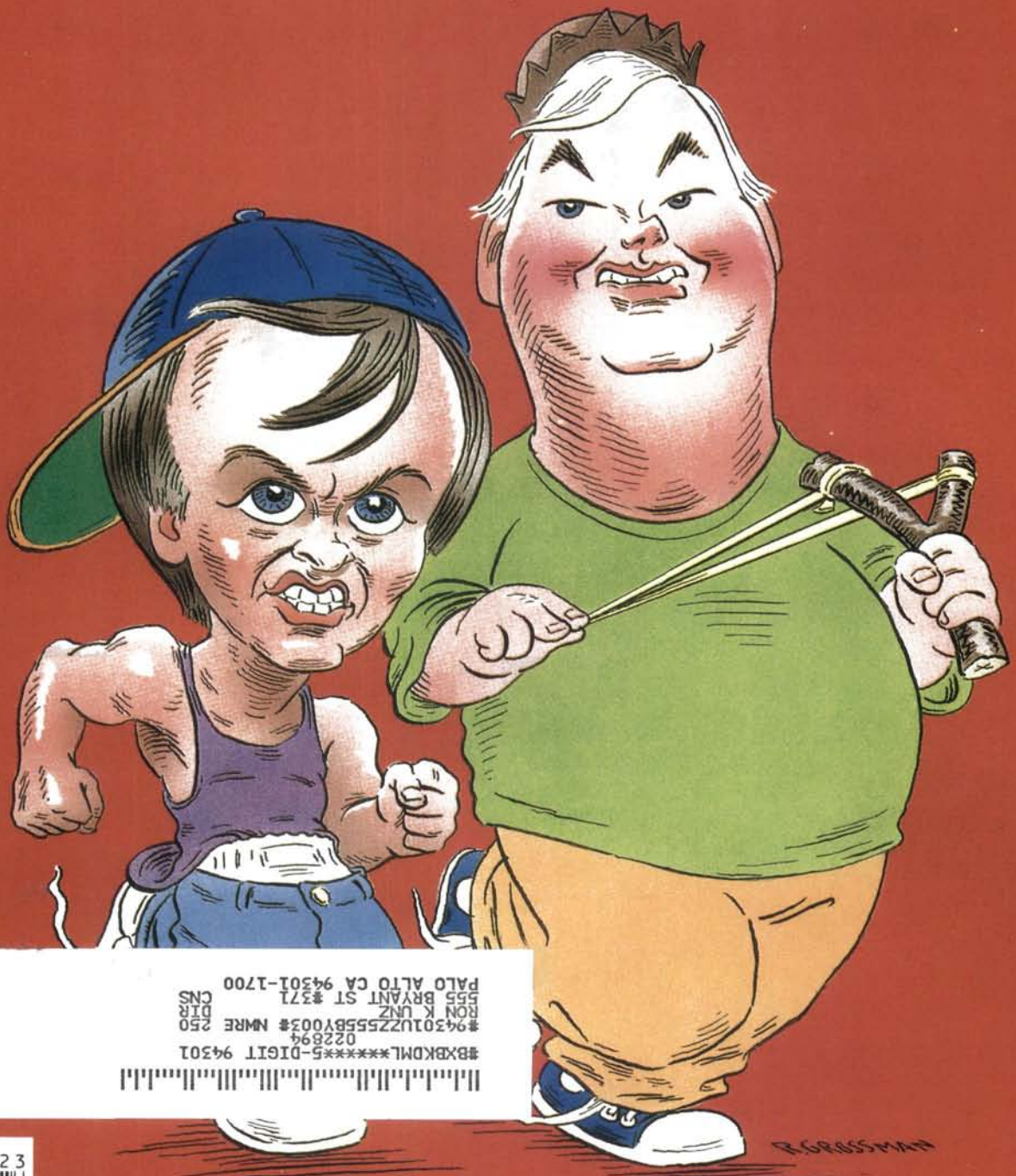
LARRY McMURTRY ON WACO, AMARTYA SEN ON INDIA

JUNE 7, 1993 · $2.95

THE NEW REPUBLIC

THE REBELS



PALO ALTO CA 94301-1700
555 BRYANT ST #371 CNS
RON K UNZ DIR
#94301UZZ55SBY003# NWRE 250
022894
#BXBKDML******5-DIGIT 94301

BOB KERREY AND DANIEL PATRICK MOYNIHAN, CLINTON'S PRODIGAL DEMOCRATS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

On Health Care Reform... We Agree with America's Governors.

We believe in immediate and fundamental reform of America's health care system.

◆

That's why we join the National Governors' Association and many others in endorsing "managed competition" as the best way to restructure that system.

◆

We are working with the President, the Congress, our nation's Governors and others to make "managed competition" a reality.

◆

We believe in fundamental change.

- ◆ Cover pre-existing conditions.
- ◆ Coverage must be portable.
- ◆ No cancellation due to illness.
- ◆ Choice of providers.
- ◆ Comprehensive benefits package.
- ◆ Certify health plans on ability to control costs.
- ◆ Establish real quality standards for providers.
- ◆ Purchasing pools for small business.
- ◆ Stiffen penalities for health care fraud.
- ◆ Immunize America's children.
- ◆ Reduce unneccessary paperwork.
- ◆ Expand preventive care.
- ◆ Enact medical malpractice reform.
- ◆ Cover all low-income Americans.

THE ALLIANCE FOR MANAGED COMPETITION

Providing Health Coverage for 60 Million Americans

AETNA CIGNA METLIFE THE PRUDENTIAL THE TRAVELERS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Weekly Journal of Opinion

JUNE 7, 1993

FOUNDED 1914
WASHINGTON, D.C.
ISSUE 4,090

Editor-in-Chief and Chairman
MARTIN PERETZ

Editor
ANDREW SULLIVAN

Literary Editor
LEON WIESELTIER

Executive Editor
DAVID SHIPLEY

Senior Editors
FRED BARNES, ANN HULBERT, MICKEY KAUS, MICHAEL KINSLEY, MICHAEL LEWIS, JACOB WEISBERG, ROBERT WRIGHT

Managing Editor
WESTON KOSOVA

Editor, New Republic Books (Basic Books)
PETER EDIDIN

Films
STANLEY KAUFFMANN

Theater
ROBERT BRUSTEIN

Poetry
MARYJO SALTER

Art
MARK STEVENS

Legal Affairs
JEFFREY ROSEN

Contributing Editors
ELIOT A. COHEN, ROBERT COLES, STANLEY CROUCH, JAMES K. GLASSMAN, ANNA HUSARSKA, JOHN B. JUDIS, MORTON KONDRACKE, CHARLES KRAUTHAMMER, VINT LAWRENCE, LOUIS MENAND, ADAM MICHNIK, JONATHAN RIEDER, ROGER ROSENBLATT, MAGGIE SCARF, ROBERT SHAPIRO, RONALD STEEL, E.V. THAW, TOM TOLES, TATYANA TOLSTAYA, MICHAEL WALZER, DOROTHY WICKENDEN, C. VANN WOODWARD

Associate Managing Editor
LEONA HIRAOKA

Design Coordinator
ERIC BAKER

Editorial-Corporate Coordinator
LAURA E. OBOLENSKY

Assistant to the Editors
JUNE HALEY

Assistant Literary Editor
ALEXANDER STAR

Production Director
BRUCE STEINKE

Assistant Production Manager
ANGELINA HAN

Copy Editor
AMY E. KNOX

Reporter-Researchers
GARY J. BASS, ERIC KONIGSBERG, STEPHEN RODRICK, RUTH SHALIT

President
JEFFREY L. DEARTH

Publisher
JOAN M. STAPLETON

Associate Publisher-Marketing
PAUL J. VIZZA

Associate Publisher-Circulation
PEGGY JARVIS FERRIN

Controller
JEAN GANDY

Acting Advertising Director
LISA THOMAS

Director of Joint Advertising Sales
JAMES J. McCABE

Accounting Manager
CHRISTINA R. OVERHOLSER

Circulation Manager
CECELIA M. STEPHENS

Advertising Assistant
DIANE M. SEBOLD

Accounting Assistant
JACQUELYN M. PASCALE

Back Issues and Reception
CAROLYN PARHAM

Cover by Robert Grossman for THE NEW REPUBLIC. Articles on pages 20 and 23.

4 **CORRESPONDENCE** A shower symposium, ganging up on Arthur Schlesinger &c.

6 **MICKEY KAUS** TRB: BAD WAGNER Old Democrats, New Democrats: a case study.

7 **THE EDITORS** GOOD COP, GOOD COP The U.N.'s Balkan fallacy.

8 **NOTEBOOK** Barney Frank's compromise, HRC's vision &c.

9 **DOUGLAS COUPLAND** MICROSTATE Microsoft vs. constitutional democracy.

9 **STEPHEN RODRICK** WASHINGTON SCENE: CAUSE CÉLÈBRE Buchananites convene.

10 **ROBERT SULLIVAN** LIBERAL POSTCARD: EARTHQUAKE A report from an Oregon epicenter.

11 **RUTH SHALIT** HATE STORY A bizarre race "scandal" at Harvard Law School.

14 **WILLIAM McGOWAN** MYTHCONCEPTIONS Sri Lanka's strife is religious, not ethnic.

16 **LARRY McMURTRY** RETURN TO WACO The horror of the government's action, as seen from Highway 84.

20 **JACOB WEISBERG** MOYNIHAM Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan knows what went wrong with old-style liberalism. And now he's central to Clinton's political success. Is there a problem here?

23 **FRED BARNES** RED-HOT KERREY Bob Kerrey's moderate views on the deficit and big government make him an unlikely Clintonite. But will he lead the opposition?

26 **STANLEY KAUFFMANN** ON FILMS: SEASON'S DIFFERENCE *Un Coeur en Hiver* is subtle tragi-comedy; ex-Pythons aren't side-splitting in *Splitting Heirs.*

27 **AMARTYA SEN** INDIA AND THE WEST How our distorted views of the subcontinent have skewed its sense of itself.

34 **ALAN BRINKLEY** PROVIDE, PROVIDE *The New Dealers: Power Politics in the Age of Roosevelt* by Jordan A. Schwarz

37 **DIANA KETCHAM** PROPHET WITH HONOR *Collected Writings, Volumes 1 & 2* by Frank Lloyd Wright; *Frank Lloyd Wright* by Meryle Secrest; *The Wright Style* by Carla Lind

40 **TIMOTHY STEELE** POEM *Takeoff*

42 **MARTIN PERETZ** RHINELAND DIARIST: CITIZENS

THE NEW REPUBLIC, Vol. 208, Number 23, Issue 4,090, June 7, 1993. (Printed in the U.S. on May 19, 1993.) Published weekly (except for combined issues dated Jan. 4 & 11, July 19 & 26, Aug. 23 & 30, and Sept. 20 & 27, 1993) at 1220 19th Street, NW, Washington, DC 20036. Telephone (202) 331-7494. The New Republic/National Review joint advertising (212) 702-4882. Yearly subscriptions. $69.97; foreign, $99.97; Canada, $84.97. Back issues, $3.50 (includes postage & handling). © 1993 by The New Republic, Inc. (ISSN 0028-6583). Second-class postage paid at Washington, DC, and additional mailing offices. Indexed in Readers' Guide, Media Review Digest. Microform, CD-ROM, issue and article copies are available through University Microfilms Intnl., 300 N. Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, MI 48106. Telephone 1-800-521-0600. Internet mail address: TNR@aol.com. Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations. Unsolicited manuscripts can be returned only if accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Subscribers: Please send all remittances, changes of address, and subscription inquiries to Subscription Service Dept., The New Republic, P.O. Box 602, Mount Morris, IL 61054. For subscription problems call 800-827-1289.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CORRESPONDENCE

Allegedly neutral

To the editors:

Andrew Sullivan's analysis of the politics of homosexuality ("The Politics of Homosexuality," May 10) is unique, I believe, in its effort to comprehend straight resistance to gay demands. His conclusion that the dispute is best resolved simply by ensuring that government be blind to sexual orientation is appealing to the many who embrace what he styles the moderate position. We do, indeed, seek a way that society may tolerate homosexuality without appearing to be indifferent as to whether children grow to be straight or gay.

Two questionable assertions of fact weaken, if they do not defeat, Sullivan's proposed solution. One he simply alludes to before incorporating it in his argument; that is, his curious reference to the "allegedly neutral state." Here, he seems to take it as agreed that the state ought to be blind to the sexual orientation of citizens. But, of course, the state has never been neutral in this matter, nor in many others concerning gender and sexuality, and much of the current dispute centers on this point.

The second weakness is Sullivan's eliding of the connection between marriage and children. He writes, "The heterosexuality of marriage is civilly intrinsic only if it is understood to be inherently procreative; and that definition has long been abandoned in civil society." I take this to mean there would be reason to deny marriage to gays only if it were premised on a couple's intention to breed—which it no longer is. That contemporary marriages are often not the prelude to pregnancy (while casual matings often are) speaks only to the weakness of the institution, not to its definition. Historically, the sequence of marriage-cum-children has been so hugely predominant that to legislate the connection seemed superfluous. As late as 1979, only 7.1 percent of women who had ever been married remained childless by the age of 39, which suggests a robust connection between marriage and children.

What Sullivan fails to confront, even as he recognizes it, is that it is real differences in the *behavior* of those primarily straight and gay that give the state reason to consider the consequences for its military and for its children of being blind to sexual orientation. Nevertheless, his analysis is an important contribution to a debate that is only now beginning to rise above the level of sloganeering.

E. L. PATTULLO
Cambridge, Massachusetts

To the editors:

Andrew Sullivan's conclusion that denial of marriage to gays "is the most public affront possible to their civil equality" must be challenged. Probably not more than 1 percent of gay men (who constitute the great majority of the gay community) are interested in marriage. And of this percent who are at present unmarried-coupled, the great majority are in open relationships. Gay men cherish the single state, with its many freedoms, the basis of so much envy in the rest of society.

Further, the marital institutionalization of the sexual, biologically anomalous practices of gay men would be the culmination not of the social and economic liberalism of American cities but of their folly and decadence.

ROBERT LYON
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

To the editors:

Jonathan Rauch's exercise in semantics missed the point entirely ("Beyond Oppression," May 10). If I had to change my Jewish last name and pretend I am not a Jew in order to be allowed to teach elementary school, foster a child, enter the U.S. military, and even then could not obtain health insurance for my life partner, what would you call it? Oppression, discrimination, disfranchisement or simply institutionalized homophobia. Rauch discounted the real issue: for gay men and lesbians these injustices exist.

ROBIN COHEN
Denver, Colorado

To the editors:

I enjoyed Michael Lewis's account of a straight man's dilemma in the locker room at the downtown Washington, D.C., YMCA ("Straight Answer," May 10). I am a gay man, and I had a membership at that YMCA for several years. Despite the difference in our sexual orientations, my experience in the locker room was pretty much the same as his.

Unwanted attention in that setting inspires a certain panic in me too. At least Lewis can decline the offer by dropping hints that he's straight, without being more rude or hurtful than the situation requires. My message must be, "I like men, but not you in particular," which is much harder to deliver without making it a put-down.

Lewis should regard the more polite expressions of interest as compliments, which in fact they are. I used to see John McLaughlin now and then in the locker room; I have a hunch that he is spared the attention Lewis seems to attract. Lewis should count his blessings!

ROBERT A. FOSTER
Washington, D.C.

To the editors:

There seems to be a double standard involved in regard to the etiquette expected of those subjected to sexual come-ons.

Certainly every decent person would agree that a man would be grossly out of line for coming on to a woman by stroking her leg in a public place; I think we call that "sexual harassment." And yet when a male friend of Michael Lewis's endured the same invasion from a homosexual, Lewis suggests that the aggressor deserves understanding and tolerance, implying that homosexuals should be excused from common standards of decent behavior. Homosexual or heterosexual, the only polite response to an unsolicited erotic come-on in a public place is an elbow to the ribs. Sympathy should extend to the offended, not to the most politically correct.

BOB O'BANNON
Indianapolis, Indiana

Graham crackers

To the editors:

In the May 3 issue you published Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr.'s tribute to Kay Graham ("The Perils of Pathography"), ill-disguised as a review of my book, *Power, Privilege and the Post: The Katharine Graham Story.*

I'm not alone, I'm sure, in noticing when friends and colleagues review each other's books, but assigning Arthur Schlesinger to review an objective biography of Kay Graham is beyond the pale. What's next for him, an objective book about the Kennedys?

While Schlesinger never served the Grahams in the same way he served the Kennedys, he is a longtime and close friend of Mrs. Graham's. He admits this—"Here I must disclose an interest," he writes, dating his friendship with Kay and her late husband, Philip Graham, to 1945—as if this acknowledgment releases him from basic ethics. Quoting from *A Thousand Days*, his own paean to John Kennedy, Schlesinger describes what a brilliant and adored fellow Phil Graham was and reveals, "I still see a good deal of his extraordinary wife," who, he later adds, is "bright, lively, attractive, amused and amusing."

I would expect that anyone who writes and reads biography would understand that people have many sides, sometimes contradictory. Take my depiction of Kay Graham during *The*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Washington Post pressmen's strike in 1975, which Schlesinger criticizes. I portray her as presenting a public pose of coolheadedness. But in the privacy of her office she sometimes expressed great fear, reservations, lack of confidence. For this Schlesinger charges me with inconsistency, complaining that I "take every side of every question." No, I don't. I simply portray my subject as a human being, then under stress, whose public and private sides are not always one and the same. Similarly, I quote former *Washington Post* reporter Murrey Marder as claiming that Kay doesn't know "that much" about world affairs. He was not the only reporter who told me that, and I quote others who support his view. But a page later I quote Marder as concluding that tales of Kay's ignorance on foreign affairs are overdone. "Compared to what?" Marder asks. It's obvious in the context that he means that while she might not be able to name the foreign minister of every minor or even major country, she worked very hard to prepare herself to meet and sometimes interview world leaders. She was rich enough and powerful enough to have done nothing. While it's not the tribute that Schlesinger might have liked, it's fair and realistic, not "sloppy," as Schlesinger charges.

Based on two sources, I reported that Philip Graham, during the throes of mental illness, played the Nazi marching anthem, the "Horst Wessel" song, to his wife. No, he did not, Schlesinger writes, offering no qualification or explanation. How does he know? Admittedly Schlesinger and the Grahams were close, but did Schlesinger share their bedroom, their bathroom, their dining room? Or did Kay Graham simply tell her friend, "That never happened," and so he dutifully reported it?

Either way, Schlesinger should have recognized the conflict of interest and passed on the chance to review my book. And if he didn't, you should have.

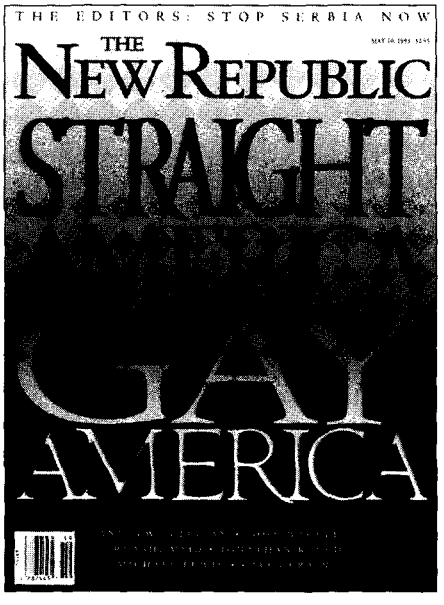
CAROL FELSENTHAL
Chicago, Illinois

To the editors:

I was disappointed by Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr.'s review of *Power, Privilege and the Post: The Katharine Graham Story*—particularly his gratuitous references to my biography of JFK. Having spent a lifetime painting out the warts of his heroes in a series of now largely discredited hagiographies, Arthur naturally finds the current fashion for truth-telling very disconcerting.

Seeking to stifle debate, declare certain subjects off-limits, silence critics, etc., is a terrible disservice on Arthur's part. Carol Felsenthal's "ugly-duckling" thesis may be flawed, but I cannot believe that her entire book, and positive reviews of it, are therefore trash. Katharine Graham is actually a very tough and intelligent woman who is writing her own memoirs. Knowing her, I feel certain she will balance the biographical picture without need of Arthur's cloying intervention.

The censorious, hypocritical tone of America's old liberals makes a stark contrast to the inclusivity and honesty of President Clinton's new administration. Biographical debate is crucial to the health of this democracy, and the success of major recent biographies—of Truman, Kissinger, Eleanor Roosevelt et al.—is something to celebrate, not denigrate. Arthur Schlesinger needs to ponder a little more on the matter of



courage, and less on taste. If he looks more carefully at *The Unforgiven* he will find, to his hopeful embarrassment, that the character he mentions is not a biographer but a hagiographer.

NIGEL HAMILTON
Boston, Massachusetts

To the editors:

Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr. made it clear that he was reviewing Carol Felsenthal's *Power Privilege and the Post: The Katharine Graham Story* as a friend of Katharine and the late Philip Graham. I'm responding as a friend of Felsenthal's, and I suggest that the correspondence section is a better place than your arts pages for old pals' defense to be come to.

"Phil Graham was a man of quite extraordinary vitality, audacity and charm," began Schlesinger's salute to his dead friend in *A Thousand Days* (Graham shot himself to death in 1963). Felsenthal doesn't deny these qualities. But as decades have since passed, by Schlesinger's own terms Felsenthal is now entitled to say more. Schlesinger complains, "To read the disorder and the illness of Philip Graham's self-destructive final days backward into his years of productivity and effectiveness is a failure of biographical understanding." All Felsenthal actually has done is observe that Graham suffered from manic-depression, a chronic illness that bedeviled him not just for "days" but years, and try to track the effects of that illness as it slowly overwhelmed him.

Schlesinger doesn't challenge Felsenthal on her specifics about Philip Graham except to say this: "[Felsenthal] presents Philip Graham as a fervent anti-Semite, going on about 'kikes' and even playing the 'Horst Wessel' song to his half-Jewish wife." Graham was no anti-Semite, Schlesinger insists. But there is nothing "fervent" about the anti-Semitic behavior Felsenthal describes; rather, she suggests it was a sign of mental deterioration.

Schlesinger writes that Isaiah Berlin and Joseph Rauh are two of "Philip's multitude of Jewish friends" who would say they'd never heard an anti-Semitic word slip from Graham's lips. But Felsenthal interviewed both men for her book. Berlin recalled: "I went to lunch [at the Grahams'] once, and he was either drunk or in some kind of neurotic state. And he began to mock me, my attachment to Zionism and to [Israeli president Chaim] Weizmann. He was a bit rough."

As for Rauh, the book contains this passage: "He would telephone one of his oldest and most loyal friends, Joe Rauh, and make anti-Semitic slurs. Rauh and other friends and employees insisted that this was nothing more than a symptom of his illness. 'The suggestion that there was any anti-Semitism there before the illness, I just would reject and resent,' Rauh said."

Schlesinger laments the notice Felsenthal's book received in *The New York Times Book Review*. "The review ... swallowed Felsenthal whole. 'We learn that ... We learn that ... We learn that ...,' he keeps writing, repeating Felsenthal's gossip as if it were all certified truth. How gullible can reviewers get?" Who was this naïf who couldn't see through Felsenthal's twisted hearsay? The *Philadelphia Inquirer*'s Donald Bartlett, one of the nation's finest investigative reporters, whose series "America: What Went Wrong" (written with James Steele) probably contributed as much to Bill Clinton's election last year as any journalism anywhere.

MICHAEL MINER
Chicago, Illinois

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRB®

FROM WASHINGTON

Bad Wagner

What's a "New Democrat"? It is an annoying, slippery term. I can think of at least five possible definitions. (1) New Democrats have greater faith in markets, or marketlike solutions, and less faith in *dirigisme*. (2) New Democrats are willing to make big left-right compromises, such as spending more money (e.g., on poor single mothers) but spending it differently (by requiring them to work). (3) New Democrats want government to help "expand the pie" instead of rearranging the slices. (4) New Democrats are willing to take on traditional Democratic interest groups (e.g., big labor, retirees, the civil rights lobby). (5) New Democrats are plain old moderates who want a bit less taxing and a bit less spending.

No wonder there is so much debate about whether Clinton has forsaken "New Democrat" principles. But even when the dividing line between New and Old is clear, it's frustratingly hard to tell which side Clinton is on.

Take labor policy. This is one of the more crucial areas on which the president is not currently "focusing." There are two big potential labor reforms. Both require amending the Wagner Act, the basic New Deal labor statute enacted in 1935. One of these reforms is unquestionably Old, the other identifiably New. Which, if any, Clinton pushes will tell a lot.

The Old reform is the "Cesar Chavez Workplace Fairness Bill." This legislation would prevent employers from hiring "permanent replacements" for striking workers. Oddly, that is a right employers have had since an early (1938) judicial interpretation of the Wagner Act. Employers can't *fire* a striker—if he asks for his job back before it is filled, he must get it. Even if a replacement has been hired, he gets dibs on any openings. But if there are no openings, he's out of luck. Permanent replacements have recently been used in a number of major strikes, notably the humbling of the United Auto Workers by Caterpillar, Inc., in 1992.

The Wagner Act was designed to get a better deal for labor—to "strengthen labor's hand." But today unions represent less than 12 percent of the private labor force, a lower percentage than before the act was passed. Eliminating "permanent replacements" would enhance the power of strikes and strengthen labor's hand once again. Would that be a good thing for the American economy? There is a good New Democratic case that the answer is "no." After all, as Clinton keeps telling us, we are living in a global marketplace. To compete, we must be willing to adapt constantly, to learn new skills. Ordinary front-line workers must share in the conception as well as execution of tasks (and in the profits from doing both well). Critics on the left and right have pointed out that adversarial Wagner Act unionism stands in the way of this "flexibility." Wagner Act unions invariably demand hiring and promotion by seniority rather than competence. They construct and defend elaborate work rules that get in the way of the continuous changes productivity demands.

Giving unions more power in this old system—or restoring the power they have lost—may let them reslice the pie in their favor. But it won't make American industry more "flexible" or "cooperative." Not incidentally, it will also further revive the threat of inflation. Union power was the mainspring of the wage-price spiral in the 1970s (when the UAW, for example, won lucrative cost-of-living allowances that car buyers got to pay for).

Clinton officially supports the "workplace fairness" bill. Robert Reich, his labor secretary—and one of the most vigorous proponents of "flexibility"—has testified that it is necessary to end "a period of hostility and distrust." But the suspicion lingers that neither Clinton nor Reich will be wildly unhappy if a Senate filibuster kills the bill.

By that time, a second change in the Wagner Act may seem far more significant. In a case decided at the end of 1992, the National Labor Relations Board ruled that the act may actually outlaw attempts by employers to get their workers to participate in management. With ominous imprecision, the NLRB said that any company-sponsored employee-participation scheme "dealing with" working conditions falls under the act's ban on "company unions." If this ruling is upheld by the courts, much of Reich's "flexibility" agenda—including popular management nostrums like "quality circles"—will be threatened, at least in non-union firms.

The Wagner Act's proscription of company unions is by itself quite perverse. It says, in effect, that a non-union employer may unilaterally impose whatever working conditions it wants—but if it tries to hash these policies out with a group of workers beforehand, the law has been broken. It is doubly perverse to extend this provision to cover cooperative-management schemes. Apparently, an employer-sponsored worker-participation plan can be illegal even if the workers say in a secret ballot that they want it! Under this interpretation of the Wagner Act, workers can't cooperate in managing their own jobs *unless* it's through a union.

Reich (along with Commerce Secretary Ron Brown) has appointed a ten-person commission to recommend changes in the Wagner Act. The commission, encouragingly, is stacked with academics who favor participatory-management schemes. Some, such as Harvard's Richard Freeman, would have the government use tax breaks to promote "employee participation committees" in all firms, union and non-union. These committees couldn't strike or set wages, but management would have to consult with them about labor practices. The idea is to emulate the "works councils" of Europe.

But it's not clear why the government should mandate any particular structure of worker participation. Who knows what arrangement will improve productivity? The market presumably does the best job of weeding out the schemes that actually work from the ones that merely sound good. In Germany the government-mandated "works council" system is in trouble. Some firms have become so decentralized that their tiny decision-making teams don't want to deal with the unwieldy company-wide councils.

The simple, New Democrat reform, then, would be to just get rid of those Wagner Act provisions that threaten worker "participation." Then let a hundred "cooperative management" plans bloom. Unfortunately, these plans will run up against the hostility of traditional, adversarial unions such as the Machinists, whose president in 1990 pledged to "vigorously resist" participative programs because they threatened to give workers a grievance mechanism outside the union.

It's not hard to see what deal might be in the works: First, the unions kick up a fuss about the illegality of participative programs. Having taken a chunk of Reich's agenda hostage, they then agree to a New Democratic amendment of the Wagner Act, but only if they get their Old Democratic amendment, the striker-replacement bill. Old, New. Everybody gets something. It seems very Clintonesque.

MICKEY KAUS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC

JUNE 7, 1993

GOOD COP, GOOD COP

Last year the following headline appeared in *The New York Times*: U.N. BEGINS MONITORING SOME GUN SITES IN BOSNIA. Two days later came this headline: SERBS SHELL BOSNIAN CAPITAL AS U.N. MONITORS WATCH. And so it went.

We like to think that a full-blown post-mortem on the Balkan calamity is at least slightly premature, that a sudden revival of international will remains possible, that the Serbs may yet fail in their grand design. But it's not too soon to look back and identify the central fictions that have abetted the world's tragic inaction and that will bring future tragedies unless dispelled.

When peacekeeping troops are sent to a place where there's no peace, they are, of course, sure to fail. And so long as they're told not to fight, they won't become peace*making* troops. (After Serbs halted a U.N. vehicle and killed a Bosnian deputy prime minister who was riding in it, the French colonel on hand was asked why U.N. troops didn't respond with force. Silly question; the rules of engagement didn't allow it.) But the failure of peacekeeping troops to improve things is the least of the trouble. They can actually make things worse.

The presence of "monitors," the infusion of food into besieged cities, the endless arrangement of doomed truces—all this helps sedate the world's conscience. It's a bit easier to sleep at night knowing that people aren't being raped or killed on an empty stomach, that all war crimes are duly noted by credentialed referees, that the U.N. is there, trying to do *something*.

Anyway, peacekeeping troops often render the state of the world's conscience a moot issue; their very presence paralyzes policy. Why are the Europeans so eager for the United States to send a peacekeeping force? Perhaps because they want us to be as hamstrung as they are. They believe Americans would then agree that air strikes pose an unacceptable threat to U.N. ground troops. As, indeed, Americans probably would. It's easy to complain about the present lack of European nerve, but failure of nerve is nearly assured in such circumstances. Peacekeeping troops, by definition, come from nations that view the conflict with relative detachment. And no democratic nation will stomach the loss of many lives in a war it views with detachment—not France, not Britain, not America. This is the central problem of collective security: world policemen have a way of getting killed in the line of duty, and this makes the future recruitment of police dicey.

One solution is to raise a large, standing all-volunteer U.N army—an idea so fraught with difficulties as to be, for now, utopian. The other is to keep relying on existing national forces, but only on those that can inflict grave harm at a low cost in allied lives. Which is to say: no ground troops—only air strikes and "smart" weapons, such as sea-launched cruise missiles. For the ground component of the assault, the U.N. will usually have to arm combatants who view the conflict with something other than detachment. Thus, the prescription that has more than once appeared in these pages—arm the Bosnian Muslims and provide air support—is not tailor-made for this particular mess. It is paradigmatic. The array of factors that made a multinational ground force practical in the Persian Gulf war was aberrant.

Plainly, the arming of combatants must be done with judicious calibration. And firewalls, if possible, must be built. (One place a multinational force *can* be put on the ground is along a border, defensively.) Even then, the policy holds risks. But they're necessary. The way to stifle future aggressors is not by pacifying current aggressors, their gains in hand, but by punishing them. This is an inherently messy task.

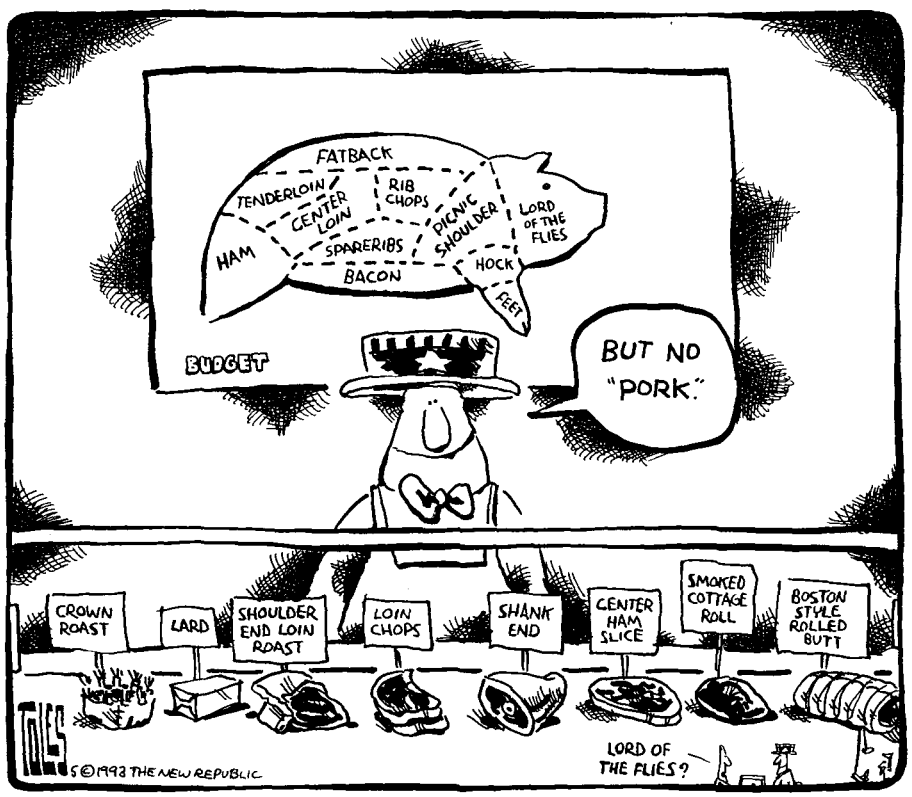
In short, the only way to make a "global policeman" effective is to not take the metaphor very seriously. The U.N. can't put a cop on every corner in every bad neighborhood because it can't afford to let the cops get killed. What it can do is respond to clear-cut crimes with convincing force, even if the force must (and it must) be applied by remote control.

We use the word "can" in the above sentence advisedly. As a political matter, the U.N. will not punish aggressors with reasonable consistency so long as unanimity among the Security Council's permanent members is required for every action. (As opposed to, say, a four out of five vote, or even a six out of seven vote on a future Security Council enlarged to reflect the altered distribution of world power.) But if *any*body is to play world policeman—the E.C., NATO, the CSCE, some future ad-hoc group, or even the United States alone—it must realize that its immediate purpose isn't to keep, or even make, the peace; its immediate purpose is to ensure that aggressors regret their behavior. From that premise alone peace will follow. And that premise seems to have been forgotten. •

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NOTEBOOK

ASK, TELL: Senator Sam Nunn's compromise for allowing homosexuals in the military was all but endorsed this week by Barney Frank, in his usual role of supporting his party leadership. Frank's proposal, while better than Nunn's, still amounts to a nebulous gag-rule on homosexuals at work: they can be gay all right, they can even be openly gay in their "private lives," but if they once utter the truth of their lives at work, they're fired. This may make sense in terms of congressional politics, and is far better than no change at all (if that really is the choice). But there is something sickening about the idea that in America—anywhere in America—a person can be fired merely for speech, and speech, moreover, that simply declares a core identity. And there is something sad about an administration that is prepared to sacrifice such a cardinal principle of democracy to avoid political damage. Moreover, the distinction between being openly gay outside work and at work is an inherently unstable one. If people are allowed to be openly gay outside the office, then the seepage of that fact into their workplace is inevitable. It's very hard to live in an openly gay relationship, have gay friends and be open with your family and other straights and be in an air-tight closet at work. Even if people are not asked, it will soon be pretty clear who's gay and who isn't. What you will have in fact is a situation almost no different than one in which openly gay people are allowed in the military and choose (as the vast majority will) to be thoroughly taciturn at work. Our question is: If Sam Nunn can deal with this much, why not the rest? As Macaulay said in 1833 of a politician who wanted to give Jews the right to vote in Britain, but to deny them the right to public office: "The plain truth is that my honorable friend is drawn in one direction by his opinions, and in a directly opposite direction by his excellent heart. He halts between two opinions. He tries to make a compromise between principles which admit of no compromise. He goes a certain way in intolerance. Then he stops, without being able to give a reason for his stopping."



1453 AND ALL THAT: Congratulations to Paul Johnson for penning the dimmest sentence about the Bosnian crisis so far. "The present involvement of the United States in Bosnia," he wrote in the May 9 *New York Times Book Review*, "is a direct consequence of the Serbs' fear that they could become the victims of an Islamic jihad." The *Serbs*' fear? Well, it's not surprising that the Serbistas, finding the claims of their heroes somewhat vitiated by their actions, have begun appealing to anti-Muslim panic. Pretty soon we'll be hearing that Milosevic is all that stands between the Louvre and the Koran. Surely the plainest fact of all about Bosnia is that the Muslims are now the victims, which is why, perhaps, they are called the Jews of Yugoslavia. As a small favor to them, we suggest dropping the compliment; it's a little unfair to Muslims that when we oppose them we call them anti-Semites and when we support them we call them Jews. It may also be the case that the Balkan crisis will become a milestone in the Americanization of the Muslims of this country: last Sunday the streets of Washington were filled with Muslims demonstrating on behalf of Bosnia. This huge rally must have been the first time that Muslims took to the streets demanding American intervention. Not exactly what Suleiman had in mind.

VIRTUAL REALITY: For those still mystified by Hillary Rodham Clinton's spiritual quest, we reprint here part of two speeches: one at Wellesley and one at Austin; the first in 1969, the latter in 1993. Whatever she means, it hasn't changed much in the last three decades:

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"We are, all of us, exploring a world that none of us understands and attempting to create within that uncertainty. But there are some things we feel, feelings that our prevailing, acquisitive and competitive corporate life ... is not the way of life for us.... We're searching for more immediate, ecstatic and penetrating modes of living.... That attempt at forging for many of us ... has meant coming to terms with our humanness. Within the context of a society that we perceive—now we can talk about reality, and I would like to talk about reality sometime, authentic reality, inauthentic reality, and what we have to accept of what we see—but our perception of it is that it hovers often between the possibility of disaster and the potentiality for imaginatively responding to men's needs." —Wellesley, May 31, 1969

"We are, I think, in a crisis of meaning. What do our governmental institutions mean? What do our lives in today's world mean?... What does it mean in today's world to pursue not only vocations, to be part of institutions, but to be human?... We need a new politics of meaning.... Now will it be easy to do that? Of course not.... It is not going to be easy to redefine who we are as human beings in this postmodern age.... But part of the great challenge of living is defining yourself in your moment."—Austin, Texas, April 7, 1993 •

MICROSTATE

Old empires and the new

CONSTITUTIONAL DEMOCRACY	MICROSOFT
born in 18th c. France and the United States	born in 1970s Seattle
People of a common culture ruling a common territory	*People of a common culture ruling a common industry*
constitutions	MS-DOS
self-determination	*compelling applications*
freedom	Windows
obsolete monarchies and empires	*IBM*
tricoteuses	the media
"Let them eat cake"	*"The P.C. will never catch on"*
Protestant individualism	loner nerds
enlightenment	*microprocessors*
secularism	no wardrobe restrictions at the office
the rise of science	*software upgrades*
rationalism	Mr. Spock worship
Boston Tea Party	*Starbuck's coffee addiction*
radicals	cyberpunks
civil liberties pioneers	*hackers*
preceded industrialism	precedes post-industrialism

DOUGLAS COUPLAND

WASHINGTON SCENE

CAUSE CÉLÈBRE

By Stephen Rodrick

The Laura Ashley wallpapered pillars are not crumbling and the early American chandeliers seem firmly attached to the ceiling. But a heady thirst for the immediate destruction of American popular culture permeates the otherwise stuffy basement conference room of the Omni Shoreham hotel. Those gathered agree with event organizer Pat Buchanan that "culture is the Ho Chi Minh trail of power." Rabbi Yehuda Levin opens the conference on "Winning the Culture War" with the invocation: "Lord, as many of our cities are turning into Sodom, let me remind you of your pledge to Abraham that you would not destroy the city as long as ten righteous people remained. We must remember that for us to be truly right we must be righteous."

A few hundred of the righteous have paid $198 to attend the conference sponsored by American Cause, an educational foundation that is dedicated "to help train a new generation of leaders for America." The organization arose out of the ashes of Buchanan's failed presidential bid, and it serves as a platform for the conservative commentator and a source of unpaid employment for his wife, Shelley, who serves as vice chairman, and his sister, Bay, who serves as president. As the conference begins, mothers in floral-print dresses, rednecks selling "Keep Our Privates Straight" stickers, clergy adorned in pro-life fetus buttons and respected conservative thinkers in navy blue suits grab croissants and pour themselves coffee in Delft cups.

An early panel, "Why Johnny Can't Tell Right from Wrong," features Boston College professor William Kilpatrick, who argues for restoring the teaching of values in schools. Kilpatrick, a dour man who speaks into his chest, is followed by Mary Kay Clark, who extols the benefits of home schooling: "If we close all the public schools for one year, we would put all the drug dealers out of business and all the abortionists too. Because where do kids get drugs? School! And where do they get pregnant? School!" Clark concludes, "If you home school your daughter, she's not going to want to get pregnant, she's going to stay home and school the younger children." As the crowd cheers, an elderly man next to me whispers, "And then she's going to put a bullet in her mother's head."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

After a short break, the panel "Our Families and Our Cities" begins. The speakers include three urban activists and Dan Quayle's former chief of staff, Bill Kristol. The man often described as "Dan Quayle's brain matter" seems almost cruelly out of place at this third-string affair, especially when former Watts resident Ezola Foster, the only black panelist, speaks. Foster discusses the difficulty in expressing alternative viewpoints in the African-American community but soon veers into a forty-five-minute filibuster detailing exactly how alternative her views really are. "Maxine Waters, Willie Brown and Jesse Jackson, they all belong in jail. Our public schools have become socialist training centers preaching revolution against our governments. I love the police department in L.A. and think it's the finest in the nation." The crowd applauds loudly. After defending Daryl Gates, Reagan and South African apartheid, Foster concludes: "And we lived in Watts for twenty-nine years. Yes, and we were finally burned out by our enemies. But we moved. And now we have a beautiful house in Marina Del Rey overlooking the ocean. I wished they would have burned us out earlier." Buchanan grins. Kristol slumps in his chair. Later, he will proclaim that "modern liberalism is in the same state as early '80s communism ... both are monolithically powerful but rotten to the core," while the audience, stoked to a fevered pitch by Foster, sits in bewildered silence.

Over a lunch of ham sandwiches and Nilla Wafer pie, the clashing high- and low-brow forces sit in close proximity. John Zmirak's glasses slide down his nose as he talks about methyl sulfate tablets, a.k.a. stink bombs, being dropped at abortion clinics and "microprogramming" that will make doctorate degrees available via home schooling. Zmirak, an editor at *Success* magazine, has gained stature within the conservative movement for holding a Requiem Mass in New York to mourn the 200th anniversary of the French Revolution. "We got 3,000 people to the first Mass," Zmirak recalls. "We held another one for Louis XVI on the 200th anniversary of his execution. But it wasn't as well attended as the other one, you know he's not that charismatic—but his letter of forgiveness to his captors is truly moving."

Gregorio Sheehan, a big-boned, mustachioed motel owner from Altoona, Pennsylvania, listens quietly for a while until the topic turns to the recent gay march in Washington. The subject is an obsession among attendees, and throughout the morning they've employed various creative mathematical techniques to downsize the number of gay marchers, which they now figure at about 75,000; the rest were friends. When someone suggests that homosexuality is perhaps genetic, Gregorio, holding out the long finger of his left hand and cupping his right, insists in a fatherly tone, "Now how simple do I have to make it? Here you have the torpedo and it goes into the portal. Now that's the only thing that's normal." •

LIBERAL POSTCARD

EARTHQUAKE

By Robert Sullivan

There was an earthquake scheduled for Oregon on the first Monday in May by the people who claimed to have predicted the one that hit us in March, and, despite the fact that most scientists say you can't predict earthquakes that accurately, if at all, everyone in Portland seemed to have one eye on the ground that day. Suddenly, in a city that has always amazed me for passing its time nonchalantly while hosting an old volcano just outside its borders, even bus rumbles were suspect.

Though the prediction wasn't played up like some of the California quake predictions I'd read about, it got top billing in the local consciousness; it was the butt of nervous jokes all day, and you could read it between the lines in the news. Schools practiced earthquake evacuation drills; people checked their earthquake survival kits; residents in the nearby town of Molalla, a few miles from the epicenter of the March quake, reported hearing the earth growl and finding strange new puddles in their yards. The predictors never came up with an exact time of day, but the people of Portland took it upon themselves to come up with one (2 p.m.), and the intelligence was passed along quickly in conversations, like one of those believable unbelievable urban folktales.

Myself, I decided to drive out of Portland in the afternoon, toward the March epicenter, in hopes of staring into the eye of the thing that had shook me up so much back then. I'm not exactly certain why I went, but I suppose it was half to prove the prediction was a farce, half to conquer my own earthquake fears. After all, I'd never been this close to an epicenter. In fact, when I moved to Portland from Brooklyn two winters ago, I figured I'd found a little East Coast in the West: Portland, a city founded by New Englanders, didn't have all the earthquake talk that Los Angeles and San Francisco have, and it didn't seem as lifestyled as Seattle. I remember being in Portland's Pioneer Square about a year ago and meeting the man who ran the Oregon earthquake awareness group. Oregon's recent history being fairly earthquakeless, I was curious to know how many people were involved in his organization. "Well, I guess you know about it now," he said, "and then there's me, so that makes two." Up until the March quake, I had taken comfort in his status as a lone prophet.

And then on March 26 the quake that would change Oregon's laissez-faire earthquake attitude hit—ironically, while my wife was away with our son in L.A., of all

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

places. It was 5:34 in the morning, and in quick succession I took it to be a dream, the couple upstairs, a sprinting burglar and finally—my God!—my first earthquake. The week before we had just closed the deal on our first house, and now I visualized its wood frame rattling on the other side of town. Standing naked in the doorjamb, our four-story 1912 apartment building creaking and swaying beneath my feet, I felt a pang of longing for subway crime, for a nice clean water main break.

A month and a half later, strapping our 2-year-old into the car, I was vague with my wife about where I was going that Monday, as she is nearly as superstitious as I am, and I didn't even bother trying to explain it to the kid. As a consequence, when we took off, my wife went back to wallboarding the kitchen, and the boy began singing his obvious little statements about the passing cars, the trees and the rising moon. ("Moon's gonna wake up pretty soon," he likes to say.) When we crossed the Willamette River, the potential insanity of the trip hit me. Suddenly, I pictured myself trying to explain to the social worker what I was doing taking my son on some seismic dare. Driving over the Oregon City bridge, he laughed at all the roiled water beneath spitting out of the falls; I pushed the gas pedal a little harder, kidding myself for not having faith in the long steel bridge.

A few miles from the epicenter we passed towns with names like Liberal, New Era and Glad Tidings. (The epicenter turns out to have been near the home of the leader of the right-wing, evangelical anti-gay movement here, a fact that liberal Oregonians have yet to pick up on.) Then, only about four hours late for the predicted 2 p.m. quake time, we arrived in the general location, which didn't turn out to be very epicentral at all. There were just green fields and little hills out to the horizons with a home or a building every once in a while. The sky was wide-open blue with the moon on its way up, and all was perfectly still and quiet except for a stiff breeze and the occasional passing car. There was no big red dot, no giant crack like anything I'd seen on T.V. from California. But while we listened and waited, and the moon, nearly full, grew bolder and the sky seemed to get a little bigger, I suddenly had this feeling that we'd better not overstay our calm.

On the way home, my son kept asking for juice—I was fresh out—and I couldn't stop thinking about the support beam we'd just put up under the roof of our new house. It was a big one, each of its three segments weighing 250 pounds, and my body still ached from hoisting it with two friends. But what seemed so definite and so strong when I'd seen it in the city-inspected plans now seemed like a stupid, puny stunt.

An hour or so later we were back home intact, and I lifted my son, asleep, from his car seat. With him in my arms, my elbow bumped the car door and he woke just enough to attempt to cry. In a panic, I whispered his eyes toward the long-standing pull of the moon, and he smiled and drifted back to sleep in its glow.

ROBERT SULLIVAN is a writer based in Portland, Oregon.

Racial strife at law school.

HATE STORY

By Ruth Shalit

Once upon a time, law school psycho-dramas meant falling in love with moribund amourettes. These days, they're likely to involve racial emotions more intense than any post-adolescent epiphany. Old-style racism becomes conflated with a defense of standards. Affirmative action schemes earnestly meant to redress grievances create painful new ones. Nowhere is this paradox more clear than at Harvard Law School, where the fusion of political vanguardism with dog-eat-dog careerism has spawned bizarre new forms of academic intrigue.

Last spring the school's offer of tenure to four white males unleashed a spasm of revolt. Strikes, sit-ins and occupation of office buildings set the campus on edge, ending only after the faculty promised to make the appointment of minorities and women a "high priority." A student parody of slain feminist legal scholar Mary Jo Frug didn't help matters any. Outraged campus activists plastered the campus with WANTED signs displaying the names, faces and telephone numbers of the students involved. Since this was, after all, Harvard, the posters also supplied the telephone numbers of the offending students' future employers.

The *Harvard Law Review*, with ten of its forty slots set aside for minorities, should be the place where "diversity" works. It's not. "The place is Beirut," says a former review editor. "People just pitch camps and stay there." The review's polarization climaxed last fall, when law review president Emily Schulman—a white feminist activist—tried to pull two black student editors off a professor's tenure piece, hoping to reassign it to students she felt would do a better job. She was promptly hauled up on charges of racism. Though a 100-page report issued by an outside investigator appointed by the law review's board of trustees cleared her of any wrongdoing, she was censured by the law review's student leadership and prohibited from speaking at its annual banquet. The black students, both of whom had retained lawyers, were reassigned to the piece.

The author of the piece in question was professor Charles Ogletree, himself a beneficiary of the school's diversity hankerings. The law review article was his first sustained display of legal scholarship, the piece on which his future at Harvard presumably depended. Titled "Beyond Justification: Seeking Motivation to Sustain Public Defenders," the Ogletree piece would both ignite and come to symbolize the sort of anxieties over

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

affirmative action that are usually repressed, papered over or held in check. Its tortured history shows how the excesses of victim politics have engendered a new skepticism on college campuses, a culture of suspicion in which rumors of inferiority can spiral out of control.

A soldierly and capable public defender best known for his role as counsel to Anita Hill, Ogletree's debarkation onto the Harvard tenure fast-track required some bureaucratic effort. A special resolution passed by the law school faculty on the occasion of his appointment announced a policy change: in the case of "clinical" faculty wishing to obtain tenure, "the relative weighing of the capacities and accomplishments we are looking for should reflect the primary importance of ... teaching and development functions," although "writing that makes a valuable contribution is still expected." The resolution covered exactly one faculty member: Ogletree. Decoded, it amounted to "an understanding that while what he published didn't have to be any good, he did have to publish something," according to an HLS professor. "It didn't say 'Charles Ogletree' in the text. But everybody called it the Ogletree resolution."

Administrators insist the loophole was part of a broader effort to bring practicing lawyers onto the permanent faculty. Yet no such allowances were made for the only other "clinician" hired as an instructor, a class-action litigator named David Rosenberg, who won no special clause explaining his hiring. Professor Paul Weiler, head of the Appointments Committee, doesn't foresee another practitioner who fits the Ogletree resolution coming along for another "ten, maybe fifteen years." Faculty members say that's no coincidence. "They wanted Ogletree," says one. "They felt he was a good black—a balancer, a steadygoer, not a loose cannon. So the threshold was dramatically lowered for him. It's true. It's absolutely true, and if they deny it, you've got a great story."

Merchants of controversy on the law review, meanwhile, were peddling an even bigger story. The tenure piece, they whispered, was a fraud, ghostwritten entirely by the entourage of Ogletree sycophants who had fought Schulman over control of the piece. "It's not uncommon for pieces to be heavily edited," a student on the review told me. "But this wasn't a rewrite. It was a write. Ogletree submitted two or three pages of jottings on his career as a public defender. The entire article was manufactured by students." Discussions with Ogletree critics on the faculty seemed to confirm the scandal's underpinnings. "Look, of course we need more blacks," says one. "But Ogletree's a lawyer, not a scholar. He's just way beyond his depth here. I've been approached by students who tell me that law review editors wrote the whole thing." The student witnesses, cowed by the Mary Jo Frug avengers and their arsenal of employer phone numbers, said they were afraid to come forward for fear of being called racist. "The words I've heard are 'terrified' and 'petrified,'" says the professor. "If race were not involved, they might feel able to go to the dean about it. But they're afraid they'll get pilloried. The whole thing is so unethical it's outrageous. It goes beyond affirmative action. It's ... affirmative creation."

Affirmative creation! Here was no minor nugget of academic gossip. For chroniclers of campus political transgressions, the Ogletree incident seemed to portend a heretofore unexplored genre of outrage. "Frankly," mused a law review student, "this demonstrates that certain people are willing to do whatever it takes to ensure advancement of one of their own. It definitely has the potential to turn into a black-white thing." With standard-issue P.C. stories having lost much of their fizz, the Ogletree story promised an exciting new confluence of themes. The Harvard press office's fumbling attempts at spin control only cemented suspicions of scandal. "Are you getting both sides?" an aide to Robert Clark, dean of the law school, asked me. "Politically, you realize that it's very complicated. We have, uh, a very charged atmosphere here."

Charged, and confused. The only problem with the story, for all its metaphorical elegance, was that it was untrue, an unwitting conspiracy of invention by students lacking firsthand knowledge and affirmative action critics lacking institutional insight into the law review culture. Ogletree's first draft, circulated among faculty members as early as last summer, was 289, not three, pages long. At least six tenured faculty members saw the draft. I've seen it too. Although the law review version is condensed, the major substantive arguments were retained. "The accusation is ludicrous," says Professor Martha Minow. "He presented it to faculty members during a works-in-progress workshop before he even submitted it to the law review. Something strange is going on here." Professor Charles Nesson, who also saw the draft, agrees. "It's racism," he says. "It's 'a black man can't write.'"

Essentially, they're right. To be sure, the Ogletree piece was extensively massaged, restructured and rewritten by his team of student "primary editors." But this kind of affirmative creation is an inalienable part of the law review culture. "I have to say I find it interesting that people are focusing on Ogletree's piece being ghostwritten," says a law review editor. "I had a supervisory role over the primary editors. I got to see the drafts at every stage. The primary editors or subciters are always going to complain about how much work they had to do, about how they basically wrote the whole piece. The Ogletree piece wasn't an especially egregious example. Some pieces just need a lot of work." At least one faculty member sees it differently. "On at least two and possibly three recent occasions," he told me, "faculty members submitted articles which were so butchered and hacked up by these smart little kids that they withdrew them. Some impudent little fellow called me up and said, 'I rather like your piece.' Then they made changes that made the piece worse. I raised hell. They said they'd restore it. They never did. Those little pisspots cheated me."

Ogletree admits to alienating his student editors with his crammed schedule and frequent missed deadlines. "They would say, we need this section by Tuesday, and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Where We Stand

By Albert Shanker, President
American Federation of Teachers

Ethnic Gerrymandering

The other day, I received a brief article from Gus Tyler, a nationally syndicated columnist. It was called "Kids: Don't Balkanize the U.S.," and it said volumes about some of the foolish ideas adults have about race and ethnicity—that even 12-year-olds can see through. Here it is:

There were ten of them aged about twelve, all either Black or Hispanic, in a special public school in Brooklyn. They had gone to Atlanta, where they met with former President Carter, to pick up a $15,000 prize they had won in a nationwide geography contest sponsored by American Express.

They had made a significant and sobering discovery in the project they had pursued; namely, that people of the same racial or ethnic origin do not necessarily think alike about the things that are important to them.

The piece of geography they had chosen to explore was a Brooklyn, N.Y., councilmanic district that, under court order, had been redrawn to favor the election of a Hispanic. The students' attention had been drawn to this district by its odd, serpentine contours. Their essay (the prize winner) was entitled: "Can Ethnic Gerrymandering Be Used to Create Effective Political Communities?"

The first thing they discovered was that this district, deliberately designed to elect a Hispanic, had chosen to elect an Irish woman. The students—none of whom lives in the district—met with the councilwoman. "She is nice," they agreed, "and we think she makes a good council member."

How did it happen that in a district predominantly Hispanic an Irish woman was elected?

In their search for an answer, the students dug into the political psyche of the people who lived there. While most of them would undoubtedly identify themselves as Hispanic, they did not have the same priorities about what they believed was needed.

In this contrived contortion of a district, snaking its way through several barely contiguous neighborhoods, the residents of its diverse geographic parts displayed vastly different opinions about what they want.

Those in one area have the rebuilding of the waterfront as their top priority. Residents of other areas displayed absolutely no interest in such an undertaking.

In another area—Windsor Terrace—the people clamored for educational improvement. They were alone in making schooling their top concern. In a third area, the residents said that jobs were what was needed. Those in a fourth area—the troubled Sunset Park—were worried about the spread of crime and drugs.

When people voted they chose someone who seemed sensitive to what they thought crucial—whether the person was male or female; Black, Hispanic or, even, Celtic. They acted like people, not stereotypes.

When people voted they chose someone who, in their opinion, seemed to be sensitive to what this mixture of voters thought crucial—whether the person was male or female; Black, Hispanic or, even, Celtic. The voters acted like people, not stereotypes.

The young researchers reached a conclusion: "We compared our project to the current situation in Yugoslavia, where they are trying to divide the country up by ethnic groups. According to our study, we would not recommend that as a solution to the problem."

How does the verse from Psalms go: "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings . . . ?"

* * * * *

And across the Atlantic . . .

There has been a lot of hoopla about English school reform among some Americans because it involves a kind of school privatization. English parents are allowed to "opt out"—vote to remove the school their children go to from the public system—while retaining public funding. Opted out or "grant-maintained" schools are run by the parents instead of the educational bureaucracy, and this is supposed to lead to better management, better teaching and, of course, much better student achievement. But a recent British government report finds that there's not much difference between ordinary public schools and the schools that have left the system.

According to the *Times (London) Educational Supplement (TES)* (April 2, 1993), "teaching standards and exam performance in grant-maintained schools are little different from those in local authority schools." And standards of management are not much different either. *TES* characterized the lack of measurable difference between grant-maintained and ordinary public schools as a "blow" to the Conservative education secretary, who considers grant-maintained schools as integral to "the drive for high standards."

U.S. supporters of vouchers have been eagerly awaiting news about the English experience so they could tout the superiority of privatization. But moving students from one school to another or switching schools from private to public is a lot easier than getting youngsters to learn more.

Mr. Shanker's comments appear in this ad under the auspices of the American Federation of Teachers. Reader correspondence is invited. Address your letters to Mr. Shanker at the AFT, 555 New Jersey Avenue, N.W. Washington, D.C. 20001. © 1993 by Albert Shanker.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I'd say, O.K., I'll have it to you on Friday," he recalls. "Our relationship did become a little frayed." "[The editors] carped," agrees Rebecca Eisenberg, a third-year law review student. "But they always carp. I don't know why it's just the Ogletree piece that people care about. It makes you wonder what people's motives are." Students new to the law review apparently overheard the carping and drew diabolical conclusions. They relayed the gossip to Ogletree critics on the faculty, who seized upon the story as a fable of affirmative action gone wrong. The crescendo of innuendo eventually reached the dean of the law school, who was forced to launch an investigation to quash the rumor. "We did look into it," says Clark. "We spent two weeks looking into it. And we found it to be completely non-credible. Frankly, I'm mind-boggled by the whole thing." In all likelihood, the witnesses who begged off a visit to the dean's office, citing fears of poster campaigns, were daunted not by visions of yuppie McCarthyism but by the fact that they didn't know what they were talking about.

The pseudo-scandal has energized racial politics across the campus. "Some members of the faculty feel affirmative action is a sin and shouldn't be indulged," says one professor. "That's what this is all about. People subconsciously impute to all categories covered by affirmative action a corrupt process." To the extent that it seemed to grant these suspicions a literal basis, the Ogletree story struck a resonant chord.

Meanwhile, conservatives are crying cover-up. "How do we know they're not just covering up their trail?" demanded one student. "They had plenty of time to prepare for reporters to descend on the law review. Are you sure the drafts were authentic?" They'd better be. The appointments committee just voted unanimously to recommend Ogletree for tenure. •

The root of Sri Lanka's turmoil.

MYTHCONCEPTIONS

By William McGowan

The violence in Sri Lanka, of which the assassination of President Ranasinghe Premadasa at a May Day rally is the most recent and unhappy example, has been described as a conflict of ancient hatreds between the Sinhalese Buddhist majority and the Hindu Tamil minority. In this view, Sinhalese opposition to a separatist homeland called Tamil Eelam is an extension of struggles dating back more than 2,000 years, when Buddhist kings fought off Tamil invaders. Others, however, see the fighting as a more recent creation, the result of Sinhalese efforts to assert their primacy over the Tamils after Ceylon (the country was renamed in 1972) was given its independence from Britain in 1948.

While the second explanation is more accurate, there's a twist. The Sinhalese have used ancient religious myths to fuel modern enmities. As in many ethnically riven societies such as Yugoslavia and India, a sense of long-standing communal animosity in Sri Lanka has been manufactured to serve contemporary political ends. However historically dubious, the mythology exerts a powerful hold over the Sinhalese nationalist imagination and has been used to justify their resistance to Tamil demands.

Composed in the sixth century A.D. by Sinhalese monks, these myths, contained in a sacred Buddhist text called the Mahavamsa, or the Great Chronicle, describe the Sinhalese as the Buddha's chosen people. According to the story, the Buddha foresaw the demise of Buddhism in India, where it originated, and a bright future for it in Sri Lanka. The faith would be preserved by *aryans* from northern India, whom he would steer there divinely. After ridding the island of supernatural demons (the Yakkas), the Buddha engineered the rescue of Vijaya, a renegade Bengali prince who had been set adrift with 700 followers in unseaworthy boats in the fourth century B.C. "In Lanka, O Lord of Gods ... shall my religion be established and flourish. Therefore carefully protect him and his followers, and Lanka." Several centuries later the Buddha's prophecy was fulfilled when Asoka, the Buddhist emperor of India, sent an emissary to convert Vijaya's progeny—the Sinhalese people—who made Buddhism the state religion. In this way, Theravada Buddhism was spared destruction from the forces of resurgent Hinduism in India at the beginning of the eighth century A.D.

Later chapters in the Mahavamsa tell how invading Dravidian hordes from south India under the leadership of Elaru, a powerful Tamil king, took control of the Sinhalese throne and allowed Buddhist institutions to wither. In response Duttugemunu, a young Sinhalese prince, raised an army from a splinter kingdom in the south and marched north to reconquer the island. "Not for glory, but for the religion do I wage this battle," declared the pious Duttugemunu, who carried a spear tipped with a relic of the Buddha and was accompanied by 500 monks. After a bloody war, Duttugemunu vanquished Elaru in single-handed combat atop elephants. The victory marked the beginning of the Sinhalese Golden Age, which lasted from the second to the thirteenth century A.D.

Though the epic reinforces the current Sinhalese-Tamil conflict as an ancient genocidal struggle, the groups have lived peacefully for most of their history. Wars were motivated by power, not religion. Indeed, there was considerable interracial mixing and cultural cross-fertilization. The last king of Kandy, for example, captured by the British in the early 1800s, was part of a Tamil dynasty tapped when Sinhalese royal bloodlines

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

could not produce a suitable successor. And Tamil Hinduism and Sinhalese Buddhism were highly syncreatic—deities, rituals and caste structures were mixed and matched.

In fact, for most of the time, the Mahavamsa had little mass appeal, since it was written in Pali, the language of classical Buddhist study, understood only by monks. Not until the mid-nineteenth century, when it was first popularized by Sinhalese nationalists, did it become a tool to rally against British colonialism. (Ironically, the tale was translated from Pali into English by a scholarly British civil servant.) The British had dismissed Buddhism and other aspects of Sinhalese culture as manifestations of "Oriental barbarism" and had favored Christianized Ceylonese, as well as Tamils, in the distribution of status and privilege. When turn-of-the-century Sinhalese nationalists like Anagarika Dharmapala—the name means Defender of the Faith—urged countrymen to "Let the Mahavamsa be your guide," a new, more militant Sinhalese Buddhist identity began to coalesce.

Even then, it was only with the elections of 1956, which brought the fiery Sinhalese nationalist Solomon West Ridgeway Dias Bandaranaike to power on promises to restore "the just and proper order" of precolonial Ceylon, that the country's ethnic fabric began to unravel. Although the Oxford-educated Bandaranaike embodied the Westernized elite he campaigned against, he rode the myths of Sinhalese identity and manifest destiny to victory by portraying himself as the Great Deliverer incarnate. "It was not right," he thundered in one speech given in the ruins of the sacred city of Anuredhapura, "that a servile race should inhabit the same locality which their ancestors inhabited in power and glory."

What incidental damage his demagogic appeals might wreak on relations with the Tamils could, Bandaranaike assumed, be repaired once he was in power. But the tide of nationalism got away from him: in 1959, after the election, he was assassinated by radical Buddhist monks after reneging on a campaign promise to make Sinhala the country's only official language. After his death, the Sinhalese majority used its unvitiated power to "reconquer" the island, à la Duttugemunu, through government policies and legislation designed to favor it over the Tamils.

The result of such policies? A generation of disaffected lower-middle-class Tamil youth, grist for the emerging Tamil Tiger militancy. Not only did the Mahavamsa mentality ignite the Tamil opposition, it fanned the flames. For many Sinhalese the Tigers were the reincarnation of the Tamil armies that had attacked the ancient Sinhalese kingdoms. This was an association that the Tamils encouraged: they used as their emblem the tiger, the symbol of the ancient (Tamil) Chola kingdoms of south India.

The myth's ability to hamper peace was most evident in the late 1980s, when ultranationalist Sinhalese youth in the People's Liberation Front (JVP) almost brought down the government for signing the Indo-Lankan Peace Accord. To many Sinhalese, the pact, which sent 75,000 Indian peacekeeping troops into the country and eventually led to the assassination of Rajiv Gandhi in 1991, represented an "invasion by invitation," and would only help Tamils achieve their goal of "pushing the Sinhalese into the sea." Quite self-consciously, the leader of the JVP, Rohanna Wijeweera, presented himself as the Sinhalese people's savior. Even his first name had a messianic resonance, invoking the Sinhalese kingdom of Ruhuna, the land of mythic heroes like Duttugemunu.

Mahavamsa-ism encouraged even mainstream politicians like Premadasa to resist the accord. One of the ruling United National Party's most ardent nationalists with a keen appreciation for the power of myth in the Sinhalese psyche, Premadasa refused to denounce the JVP, even as thousands of UNP party officials and functionaries were being killed by its assassins. In a monograph he published about Duttugemunu in the late 1980s, the politician dedicated his book to "the patriotic youth of Sri Lanka who have pledged to the end of their lives the territorial integrity of the motherland."

Though he was elected president, the JVP rejected Premadasa's overtures: by this point it would accept nothing less than a radical nationalist order, based on Sinhalese purity. In response to the JVP insurgency, Premadasa went after it with a vengeance, going so far as to employ death squads. Perhaps as many as 30,000 Sinhalese died before the party was decapitated with the arrest and killing of its leadership in 1990. The president's power enabled him to offer a kind of federalist arrangement to the Tamils, which was further than any other Sinhalese politician had been able to go. Chances are it would never have worked, though. Premadasa was probably assassinated by a Tamil bomber, which leads one to believe that the Tigers would not have gone along with a peace plan. And even if they had, there was no guarantee the Sinhalese would agree. Among the Sinhalese in the patriotic south, where the diet of Buddhist myth has always been the richest, Premadasa was seen as a race traitor; any accord would have eventually met with resistance born in the name of "defending the motherland."

The revival of traditional identities after the cultural and social damage of colonialism has been a necessary step in the evolution of many former Third World colonies. The trouble with the revival of traditional Buddhist identity in Sri Lanka is that it deprived the newly independent country of an inclusive national identity, better suited to its multiethnic reality. Sinhalese nationalists used an ancient myth to restore what they said was a traditional social and political order that gave them pride of place over other groups. What satisfaction they got from that, however, has surely been outweighed by a war that seems to go on forever.

WILLIAM MCGOWAN is the author of *Only Man Is Vile: The Tragedy of Sri Lanka* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

No more cane on the Brazos.

RETURN TO WACO

By Larry McMurtry

About the only thing open along Highway 84, the Sunday morning after that Monday morning when fire took the Branch Davidians, was the Central Texas Bee Supply. In Waco, eternal city of the Baptists, the Sabbath still means something; in Waco, commerce still yields to faith, at least until after church.

Bees, though, are evidently exempt from the instruction to "toileth not." In Bellmead, the rusty suburb where I stopped, seeking sustenance, the Triangle Grocery offered "Home Made Sandwiches" and "Ammunition for Shotguns, Rifles and Pistols," a succinct enough reminder of how it came to pass that (at last count) seventy-two people got crisped a few miles to the east. Texas is not the land of the meek, nor is it the only place in America where bullets and food enjoy a rough parity. We are not a nation that can be said to scorn ammunition, and the fact that the Branch Davidians had assembled an estimated million rounds (a figure not likely to be verified) does not, in a western context, seem particularly remarkable; nor did it mean that David Koresh and his Mighty Men were about to load up and march on Mexia, a small community some thirty-five miles up the road, distinguished mainly for having been the hometown of Anna Nicole Smith, the full-figured Guess model.

From tragedy it is seldom but a step to memorabilia. A woman at a convenience store told me that if I wanted to drive out to the roadblock where, she was confident, I would find the media, I should go east on Highway 84 and turn right at a sign that said "Elk." I drove east a goodly distance but failed to spot "Elk." On my second pass, though, I located the memorabilia. Two young women were piling it on a rickety table in the parking lot of the Egg Roll House Chinese Restaurant.

At that hour sales were not brisk, especially for the T-shirt that said I SUPPORT THE ATF. Another, showing David Koresh's face in the cross-hairs of a scope sight, was captioned A SIGHT WE'VE BEEN WAITING TO SEE. The most expensive T-shirt, at sixteen bucks, showed the firecloud itself. The wittiest merely said, HI VERN, WEIRD ASSHOLE, COME OUT. (The Vern refers to David Koresh's real name, which was Vernon Howell.) In our time, the T-shirt has replaced the broadsheet as the favored means of commenting on natural disasters, executions and other notable events.

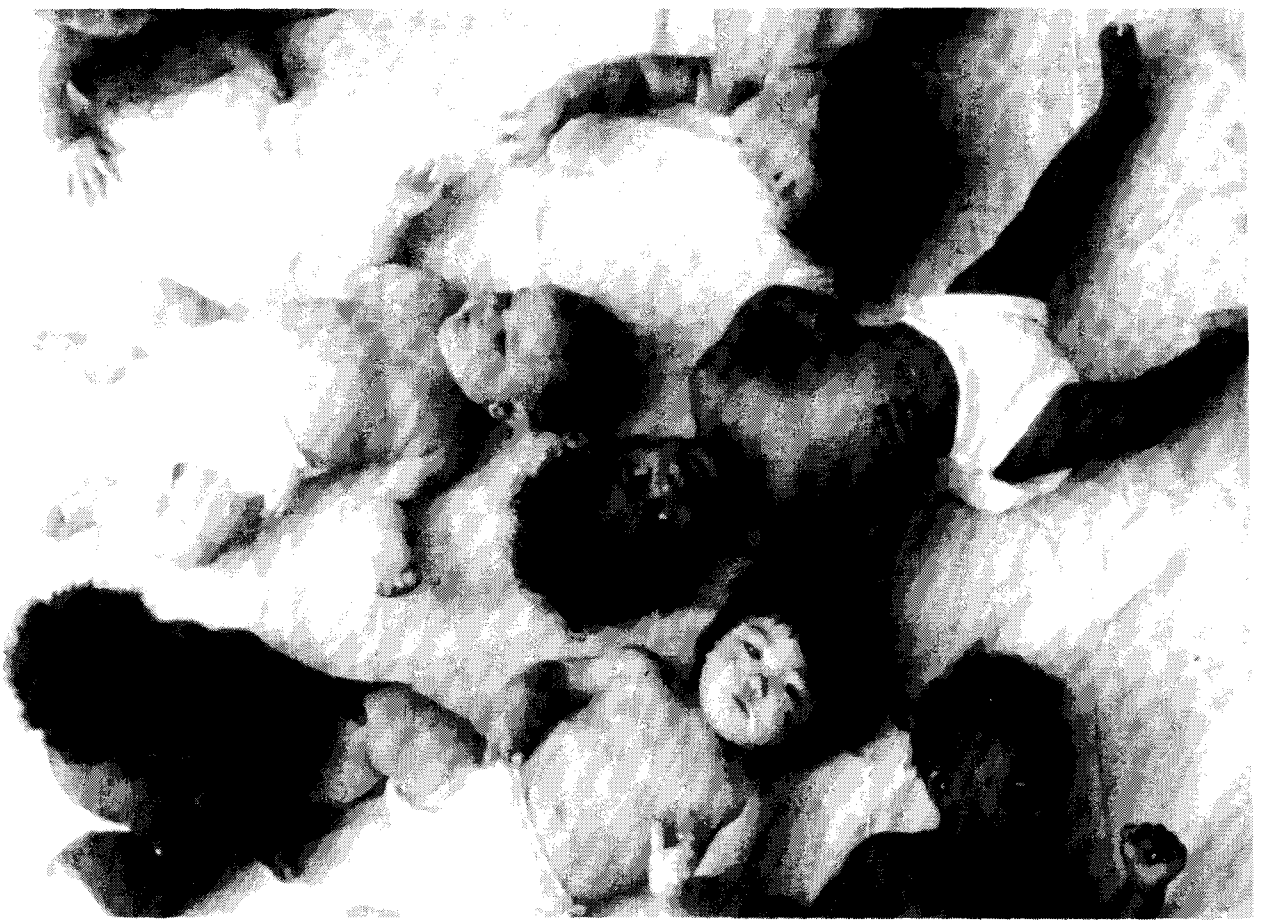
Not much in life is unprecedented; certainly the destruction of the Davidians was not. The only thing that distinguishes it from hundreds of other actions throughout history in which religious sects or communities have been destroyed is that this destruction occurred in the era of the Great Eye—television—so that we as a nation, and the world as a global village, were able to watch the awful event unfold. For the past 150 years at least, homely little cults have flourished in America, dotting the moral and geographic landscape. Not infrequently these small cults, whether religious or secular, have found themselves in conflict with local, state or national authority. The Mormons provide the great example, but many less tenacious groups existed or still exist; and many have been burned out, shot up and hounded out. Religious intolerance, greed for acreage and sexual envy have all played their part in these conflicts.

However exalted their ideals, in practice these communities have rarely been free of the usual human spitefulness. When not fighting their neighbors or the militia, they frequently slide into schismatic violence—sometimes tragic, sometimes farcical. The Mountain Meadows Massacre of 1857 is an example of the tragic: more than 100 westbound immigrants from Arkansas were killed by Mormon troops, perhaps to avenge the death of Parley Parker Pratt, the Mormon Isaiah, who had recently been slain in Arkansas. As for the farcical, it would be hard to beat the duel of the vanities that occurred in 1987 between David Koresh, then plain Vernon Howell, and the older Davidian leader Ben Roden, who, as a test of Koresh's godhead, offered to provide a corpse for Koresh to resurrect. Suspecting foul play, Koresh came prepared, as was his right under Texas law, which permits (still does!) anyone who feels threatened to seek out his adversary and to do so armed if the threat seems heavy enough. A shoot-out occurred. Nobody was seriously hurt, but Koresh was charged with attempted murder. Sheriff Jack Harwell, the patriarchal lawman of McLennan County, arrested Koresh without getting out of his chair. The sheriff simply picked up the phone, called the Messiah and asked him to come along in. The Messiah came along in. It is not unlikely that Sheriff Harwell might have been helpful in February too. The Davidians might psych themselves up for jihad with the agents of Belial, as exemplified by the ATF; but shooting a local sheriff is something else again.

It's easy to second-guess earnest lawmen doing their best in a confusing situation, but still it's hard for this citizen to discern in the actions of his government in Waco even a few glimmers of rationality. From one county sheriff with a telephone to 100 agents with the backup of helicopters is quite some escalation. What were the Davidians doing to provoke that? Probably they were converting semiautomatic assault rifles to full auto. That is certainly a crime; even possessing the capability to convert them is a crime. But down here in the Fifty-Caliber Belt this particular crime is usually treated about as seriously as spitting on the sidewalk. The many people who fancy assault rifles are rarely content to be caught with half a hog; one of the selling points of these rifles is that they can be converted to full auto in a few minutes. War

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NO ONE IS BORN HATING



But too many die because of hate. In only the past year, hatred of other races, other religions, other ethnic groups has led to "ethnic cleansing" of Muslims in Bosnia, religious battles between Hindus and Muslims in India, systematic suppression of Christians and animists in Sudan, the emergence of neo-Nazis, skinheads, and xenophobia in parts of Europe. Tragically, this list could go on and on and touch every corner of the world.

The United States is not immune to hatred either: group stereotyping, cemetery desecrations, assaults, even murders are the proof of that. But we do have something special – a democratic system that values diversity. In a word, it's called pluralism.

What works in our country will not necessarily work everywhere. Still, with almost nine decades of experience, the American Jewish Committee is convinced that there are some universal principles that every society can use to stop the forces of bigotry and to promote understanding among different racial, religious and ethnic groups:

- Political leaders must fight group hate in word and deed. This year marks the 50th anniversary of one of the best examples, the leadership of King Christian X of Denmark, who inspired courage in his people to evacuate the Danish Jews to Sweden during the Nazi occupation.
- Religious leaders must remind believers what virtually all religions, in remarkably similar language, agree upon. As the Bible teaches, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."
- Individuals must take responsibility for combating hatred in their own lives, among family and friends. Martin Luther King, Jr. and Abraham Joshua Heschel are examples of prominent individuals who changed society only after making a commitment to equality in their personal lives.
- The law must protect the rights, freedoms and security of all, including minorities, to insure that no one is jeopardized by racial, religious or ethnic prejudice.
- Schools must teach tolerance and mutual respect among groups.
- The media must exercise the responsibility that goes hand in hand with freedom of the press, reporting fairly and completely.

Are you thinking that this sounds all too familiar, a bunch of cliches? True, people have been saying it for a long time. But they haven't always been doing it. Starting to practice what we preach won't be easy, because group differences are often deeply rooted. But the alternatives are even harder – riots, pogroms, religious wars, ethnic cleansing, genocide.

It comes down to just two choices. We can continue to teach the children of the world to harm and even kill one another, in the name of race or religion or ethnicity, and risk being harmed or killed in return. Or we can teach them to overcome differences and live peaceably, with others, respecting and even celebrating diversity. Which choice would you make for your children?

The American Jewish Committee
America's Pioneering Human Relations Agency

The American Jewish Committee combats bigotry and anti-Semitism and promotes human rights for all. Through programs such as the Jacob Blaustein Institute for the Advancement of Human Rights, the Institute for American Pluralism, the Skirball Institute on American Values, and "Hands Across the Campus," AJC seeks to nurture pluralism and democratic values worldwide. The American Jewish Committee 165 East 56 Street, New York, New York 10022

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

games are second only to sex games in this country; but war games aren't war, and most of the converted weaponry, if it gets fired at all, is fired at shooting ranges, or at heaps of old mattresses, or into the sides of hills.

The Davidians, prior to February 28, hadn't fired any automatic rifles, full or semi, at anyone. So why the 100 agents and the media, which we now know were alerted by the ATF? Could it be that the ATF was seeking some good publicity such as might result from a spectacular gun bust? If they could arrest some kooks with a bunch of bad rifles and a million bullets, people might stop thinking of them as hound-dog handlers with ax handles who go around busting up stills. Unfortunately, the Davidians refused to cooperate.

In the aftermath of irredeemable tragedy, the mind searches backward toward the moment when wisdom might have stayed or deflected the course of the terrible event itself. February 28 offered such a moment, but wisdom didn't show; and neither was it in evidence on April 19, when the FBI showed to what extent it is the hammer of Hoover still. Attorney General Janet Reno, admirable as she may have been for bluntly accepting responsibility for the calamity, said nothing that smacked of wisdom in her explanation. Suggestions of recent child abuse were hardly out of her mouth before the FBI contradicted her. Perhaps the snipers were tired, was her other justification for going in; but the whole compound was surrounded by wire, and the only escape vehicle was David Koresh's black Camaro. Who was going anywhere?

Reno essentially threw herself on the mercy of the public—O.K., I did it, stone me—and was rewarded with a wave of sentiment, obscuring the fact that she endorsed a plan born of nothing but impatience, pique and a fear of stalemate. Among the plan's several flaws was its contempt for the will of the Branch Davidians, a fatal underestimation. Instead of stoning the attorney general, the public stoned the president, who ducked and then had to un-duck and allow himself to be chunked, slightly. The president dismissed the Branch Davidians as "religious fanatics" who, moreover, "burned themselves up." He made it sound almost as if this level of belief were un-American, as if constancy to one's faith until death—once a staple of many faiths—were some weird Asian practice that could scarcely be countenanced on these shores.

The uncomfortable fact is that the Branch Davidians did have a faith, and they were practicing it in a country founded on the principle of religious freedom. On the fifty-first day of the siege, tanks pounded the compound for more than six hours, squirting in tear gas, and no one came out. A sheet was hung from a window, and the message scrawled on it was WE WANT OUR PHONES FIXED, not as eloquent as the letter Colonel Travis sent out from the Alamo, but not without its poignancy.

Multinational though they were, the Branch Davidians in their last hours seemed pretty American: Koresh was royally pissed when they towed away his Camaro. When the fires started, some Davidians may have tried to get out and failed; some may have been prevented from leaving, or even been shot. But surely it is also possible that the majority of them were constant to their faith until death. It seems pretty unlikely that more than seventy people, some of them parents with children to defend, were held in the inferno against their will. The most Orwellian aspect of the final day was the FBI's attempt to convince the Branch Davidians that they weren't under assault, even as tanks were knocking the compound to splinters and pumping in the gas.

None of this excuses Koresh, who, as a shepherd of souls, was more than derelict in the care of his flock. Evidently he mainly liked to preach, fuck and play the guitar, preferences that are hardly unique in the annals of dipshit gurus. One would give Koresh no credence at all were it not for odd bits of testimony. A black woman who left the compound unwillingly because she considered it her duty to attend a sick woman spoke on "Nightline" after the tragedy. This woman said that Koresh was a man of nobility, and she said it with a grace and delicacy that arrested one's attention as nothing else did in an evening of shallow chatter.

I did find my way, eventually, to the roadblock on Old Mexia Road, the easternmost edge of suburban Waco. It was a lovely spring day. Bluebonnets graced the roadways and the fields, and cattle egrets, the small, elegant white birds whose arrival on the Texas range some years ago did so much to make cattle ranching visually acceptable to the doctors, the lawyers and the architects who now own most of the ranches, were present in abundance, spaced amid their herds, white on the fresh green grass, as if arranged by Monet.

Along Old Mexia Road, the tragedy seemed to be a closed chapter, and life was going on as it normally would on a sunny Sunday. Two men were putting their fishing equipment in the back of a pickup, no doubt about to head over to the Brazos a few miles away. A woman with her hair in curlers was mowing the lawn. Three boys came zipping along in go-carts. A toddler chased a dog.

At the roadblock itself, a media-weary highway patrolman disposed of me with a jerk of his thumb. A little frustrated, I circled around to the other end of Old Mexia Road. The roadblock there was manned by two officers from the Highway Patrol and one from the ATF. The patrolmen's vehicle belonged to the Division of Weights and Licenses; no doubt in a day or two they would have to go back to weighing trucks. Curious to see what it would get me, I played my ace, *Lonesome Dove*. It promptly got my picture taken with the two highway patrolmen.

By the road that leads to what is left of the compound, there was a small tent that looked like a relic from a 1950s Boy Scout encampment. There was a sign on it: FORT WOODY. Two road markers on the tent said, "Laredo, 400 miles" and "Amarillo, 450 miles," plus the comment, "We'll Be Back." The road markers were pointing toward El Paso and Texarkana, not toward Laredo and Amarillo. I asked why the tent was named Fort Woody and was told that it was named for a dog that

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had started hanging around, whose name may or may not have been Woody. As if on cue, the dog appeared.

I drifted back to Highway 84 and inspected the Wings for Christ International Flight Academy, whose fleet consisted of two planes. Then I had lunch at Parks' Family Buffet, the cleanest, most well-lighted place in that part of the world. Where the buffet began, there was a sign that read: "Don't Waste Food. Take What You Can Eat and Eat What You Take. No Carry Out From Tables." Thus admonished, and aware that my appetite is apt to falter when I'm expected to clean my plate, I contented myself with a small dish of turnip greens and some banana pudding. The restaurant was full, the patrons an equal mixture of black and white, most of them dressed as if they had just come from church. There was very little chatter; everyone was intent on eating what they had taken. I hung around for an hour, taking advantage of an unusually liberal policy in regard to iced tea. I didn't hear a single person mention the Davidians.

In a mood somewhat *funèbre*, I drove back up the road a little distance and took a walk through the Sleepy Hollow Pet Cemetery, a nicely kept acre of ground beside the highway. It was afternoon by then, and pickups zoomed by on the highway, many of them pulling boats; people were heading for the river or the lakes. The first grave I came to in the Sleepy Hollow Pet Cemetery might, but for a vowel, have been a family member: Kristi Lynn McMurtray, 6-76, 1-9-87. The next gravestone had a cameo of a white poodle set into it: Ami, April 1972, Dec. 11, 1983: Small in Size but Big in Heart, Bert Hernandez Family. I walked on, past the graves of:

Buster, Not Just a Dog, He Was Family
Cougar, My Friend
Loving memory, My Baby Hot Shot
Rosie, At Rest
Misty, Kim's Friend
Honey Bun
Tasha Su
Peanut
Cricket
Coach Bear Buffy
Phemie Euphemine Fayette, Too Well Beloved to Be Forgotten, Our Little Girl

It is not to trivialize the dead Davidians or the dead agents that I list these names and epitaphs from the little pet cemetery beside Highway 84, though one grieving mother of a daughter lost in the compound spoke of her child in words identical to those carved onto the gravestone of Phemie Euphemine Fayette. The great mode, tragedy, doesn't know proportion; it will take a child as quickly as it takes a poodle, and it offers no lessons to the lesson-seeker. But the epitaphs that attempt to say what the pets of Bellmead, Texas, meant to the families that loved them, and the epitaphs, likely not dissimilar, that will eventually grace the headstones of the Davidians and the agents celebrate a common blessing and express a common pain. The blessing is attachment, whether to a faith, a community, a friend, a lover, one's mate, one's family, one's pet; and the pain is its loss.

Attachment is, for many, the only root holding them in this life—and dire circumstance, or that fell scorpion Time, is always trying to wither it, or wrench it up. Like it or not, the Davidians were attached: not merely to a man who may have been, as the T-shirt claimed, a weird asshole, or as the black woman believed, a man of nobility, but also to one another, and to belief. Once the fires started in the compound, a woman came out with her clothes in flames, then turned and tried to rush back to die with her friends. (An agent saved her.)

Well, one can say, these people were all weak, lamebrained, wacko, sick. One and all they needed to be "deprogrammed," which I suppose means reprogrammed to a lifestyle that normal middle Americans would accept. One of the men who died was Wayne Martin (City College, Columbia, Harvard Law), who handled much of the Davidians' legal business and was liked and respected around the McLennan County Courthouse. What program did he need to be reprogrammed to, one must wonder.

Probably when all the bodies are finally out, and all the evidence sifted from the ashes, the remains of the compound will just be scraped away. Prairie will return to prairie. Bluebonnets will bloom, and egrets dance. The fallout in Washington will be falling for a while, and in the end it may be the ATF that is deprogrammed or debudgeted out of existence. It requires, I think, no excessive cynicism about the ways of government to doubt that substantive changes of any sort will result from the destruction of the Branch Davidians. What happened off Old Mexia Road will simply be filed under that capacious heading, the Senseless Tragedy.

The category is appropriate. The Branch Davidians had more than seven weeks in which to save their own and their children's lives. To everyone's shock, they preferred to be loyal to their attachments, to their preacher and their faith and to one another. The FBI certainly could have spared them, and probably supposed they were sparing them, even as the tanks rolled and the tear gas spurted. Government proceeds, as perhaps it must, on the assumption that people are, within reason, predictable. (The FBI seemed to be banking on the mothers; surely when their children were threatened, the mothers would come out.) Government may proceed on that assumption, but faith needn't; and one doesn't have to be much of a student of the centuries of faith to realize how frequently and how absolutely this particular governmental assumption has been refuted.

The Davidians were not living within reason; they were living within belief. It may have been wacky, screwball, theologically dopey belief, based on the rantings of a false prophet, but it was still belief. In this irreligious age, it has become difficult for us to credit the fact that such a capacity for belief is still a part of the human makeup. Seventy-two corpses in a lab in Fort Worth, Texas, remind us that it is.

LARRY MCMURTRY's new novel, *Streets of Laredo*, will be published by Simon and Schuster in June.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Rebels I.

MOYNIHAM

By Jacob Weisberg

Visit the Senate Finance Committee any day hearings are held, and you're likely to see Daniel Patrick Moynihan making the president's life difficult. I went on May 4, when the committee considered increasing the taxation of Social Security benefits for the more affluent, something Moynihan supports. But before the witnesses could open their mouths to defend the plan, the chairman was protesting, in his familiar staccato, that the president had not yet appointed a new head of the Social Security Administration. "For this senator, it is difficult to understand," he lectured. He then proceeded to haze Randolph Hurst Hardock, a Treasury official sent to testify. Hardock presented the case of a hypothetical couple with an income over $75,000. Moynihan interjected that benefits are taxable for couples at $32,000. "This committee does not welcome that sort of evasion.... That is not forthright, sir, and I'm going to have to say to you that I'm disappointed." Hardock said he would be glad to provide the numbers Moynihan wanted. "You surely will," the senator snapped, "if you want us to take it up at all."

As the new chairman of the Finance Committee, the august post he inherited when Lloyd Bentsen became treasury secretary, Moynihan finally has been cast in a role worthy of his thespian talent. Already he has turned what was under Bentsen a venue for solemn tax wonkery into the Senate's liveliest theater. But more than C-SPAN ratings are at stake. Along with Dan Rostenkowski, the chairman of the House Ways & Means Committee, Moynihan is now the legislator with the heaviest responsibility for whether—and in what form—Clinton's economic and health care programs become law. Moynihan is fervent in his professions of support for the president. But every few days there's a blowup that casts his fidelity into doubt. Moynihan wants to help the president. But sometimes, it seems, he just can't help himself.

Moynihan's importance is based on math. Democrats hold an 11-9 majority in the Finance Committee, through which all tax, trade, welfare and health care legislation must pass. In the old days, three liberal Republicans—Bob Packwood, David Durenberger and John Chafee—would often vote with the Democrats, providing a buffer when conservative Democrats such as David Boren and John Breaux, who are currently grousing about the energy tax, went AWOL. But Packwood and Durenberger are hanging on by dental floss thanks to ethical problems and are hostages to Bob Dole. Both say they won't back Clinton's tax bill, as has Chafee. So Moynihan cannot lose a single Democratic vote.

But as the Senate's best-known maverick and party-jumper, Moynihan is hardly one to enforce an iron discipline on his colleagues. Indeed, the chairman himself has grouched about elements of the plan, such as the investment tax credit for businesses, a proposal that is now considered dead. Relations between chairman and president have experienced spells of testiness and mutual suspicion. In the Democratic primary, Moynihan was Bob Kerrey's staunchest supporter. And since the election, the chairman has kicked up dust on a regular basis—upbraiding emissaries in public, delaying nominations and sniping at administration proposals.

The sniffiness began during the transition, when Bentsen was nominated secretary of the treasury. According to aides, Moynihan was unhappy that Clinton didn't call to congratulate him on ascending to the chairmanship of the committee so important to his plans. Combined with the failure of Moynihan protégés Rob Shapiro and Paul Offner to land administration jobs and the appointment of Donna Shalala (whom Moynihan doesn't count as an ally in the cause of welfare reform) to head Health and Human Services, it set the stage for much unease. "Pat Moynihan doesn't care about protocol for its own sake," says one adviser. "He cares a lot about it if he sees it as a sign of something more." When *Time* reported that an administration official said the White House was ready to "roll right over him if we have to," the senator reacted angrily, and Clinton was forced to apologize while denying the quote's validity. "Where there are frustrations, it's often where things appear attributed to the administration that don't reflect its point of view," says Mandy Grunwald, a Clinton adviser who is also close to Moynihan.

A more significant conflict flared in January during Shalala's confirmation hearing. Despite the president's pledge "to end welfare as we know it," Shalala barely alluded to the subject in her opening statement. Moynihan said he heard "the clatter of campaign promises being tossed out the window." This episode can't be attributed to mere crankiness. Welfare reform is the issue Moynihan knows and cares most about, and he has reason to be disturbed by Shalala's soft-pedaling. Despite Clinton's repeated assertions of support, welfare reform may require a third tax increase, after Congress votes $250 billion for deficit reduction and who knows how much for health care later this year. Bruce Reed of the White House domestic policy office considers the pressure completely friendly. "On welfare reform, he wants to help the president keep his campaign promises," he says.

In other cases, too, Moynihan's explosions have been about matters close to his heart. He was quick to shoot down a freeze in Social Security cost of living adjustments when the administration floated it in January. This too was probably in the president's own interest. Unlike increasing the taxation of benefits for higher-income retirees, a COLA freeze would mean an across-the-board reduction and a clear violation of Clinton's campaign promise not to cut Social Security. "Moynihan

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We the undersigned are committed to the protection of life, which is threatened in today's world by war, abortion, poverty, racism, the arms race, the death penalty and euthanasia.

We believe that these issues are linked under a consistent ethic of life.

We challenge those working on all or some of these issues to maintain a cooperative spirit of peace, reconciliation, and respect in protecting the unprotected.

Michael Affleck, Ph.D.
International Coordinator, Greenpeace

Robert C. & Janet A. Aldridge
Authors, *Children and Non-Violence*

Consuelo M. Beck-Sagué MD
National Public Health Professional

Philip Berrigan and Daniel Berrigan, SJ
Anti-war Activists

Rosalie Bertell, GNSH, President,
International Institute of Concern for Public Health, Toronto

Wendell Berry
Author and Environmentalist

Will D. Campbell
Author, *Forty Acres and a Goat*

Rachel Cann, Director,
Brookline Women's Shelter, Boston

Susan Carpenter McMillan
Los Angeles County Commissioner on Status of Women

Bernhard Clasen, Russian-German Translator,
Anti-nuclear Activist, West Germany

Mairead Corrigan
1976 Nobel Peace Laureate

John C. Cort
Author; Christian Socialism

Harvey Cox
Harvard Divinity School

Jim & Shelley Douglass
Peace Activists

Patricia Driscoll, Womanity

Eugenia & Bill Durland, Founders,
Center on Law & Community

Adolfo Perez Esquivel
1980 Nobel Peace Laureate

Ellen Flanders, Friends Meeting; Trainer,
Conflict Resolution Studies

Jim Forest & Nancy Forest-Flier
Founders/Director,
Peace Media Service, Netherlands

Doris Gordon, National Coordinator,
Libertarians For Life

Hildegard Goss-Mayr and +Jean Goss
Honorary Presidents,
International Fellowship of Reconciliation

Frye Gailliard, Journalist, Writer

Ellen Grady and Peter DeMott
Griffiss Peace Community

Ruth Heaney, OSR, Founder,
Families & Friends of Persons in Prison

Nat Hentoff, Columnist and Author

Ingrid Hill
Founder, Mothers Against the Draft

Christine Herbes-Sommers
C.M.H Productions

Cathryn Holderread Passmore
Film Producer

Lawrence Martin Jenco, OFM
Former Hostage

Lana Jacobs, Companions of Shalom,
Recipient, *Martin Luther King Award*

Dr. Maureen Jones-Ryan
Executive Director,
Sexual Assault Recovery Institue, Phoenix

Angela Jones
Prisoner of Conscience, Australia

Faye Kunce, Coordinator,
Pro-Life / Pro-Peace Challenge

Ruth A. Lawrence, MD
Physicians for Social Responsibility

Randy Loney, Ph.D.
Death Penalty Abolitionist

Elizabeth McAlister, Anti-war Activist

Colman McCarthy
Columnist, *The Washington Post*

Kathleen and James McGinnis
Authors, *Parenting for Peace and Justice*

Fr. A. J. McKnight, CS Sp.
Executive Director,
Southern Development Foundation

Richard M. McSorley
Director, Center for Peace Studies,
Georgetown University

Catherine Meeks, Ph.D.
Afro-American Studies,
Mercer University

Don Mosely / Josie Winterfeld
Jubilee Partners

Elena Mueller-Garcia
Columnist, *La Voz*, Miami

Henri J. M. Nouwen, L'Arche-Daybreak

Dan O'Neill
Co-founder, Mercy Corps International

Cathryn Holderread Passmore
Film Producer

+Igal Roodenko, War Resisters League

Richard Rohr, OFM, Founder,
Center on Action & Contemplation

Suzanne Schnittman, Ph.D.
Professor of History and Women's Studies;
State University of New York

Jodie Miller Shearer, Editor,
Blueprint for Social Justice
Institute on Human Relations

Martin Sheen, Actor

Honorable Sargent and Eunice Shriver

Ronald J. Sider
Author, *Rich Christains in an Age of Hunger*

Tom Siemer, Producer, *Gods of Metal*

Robert Moss Smith
Brandywine Peace Community

+Mitch Snyder, The Community for
Creative Non-Violence, Washington, DC

Roberta (Bobbie) Stewart
Lutheran Peace Fellowship

John Michael Talbot, Composer, Musician

Marcia Timmel, Director,
Northwest Maternity Home, Washington DC

Dale Vree, Editor in Chief,
New Oxford Review, Berkeley, CA

Jim Wallis, Sojourners

Elizabeth Williams Omilami
People's Survival Theatre

Martha Yonke
Founder, Caritas Community

+George Zabelka, *Do Something for Peace*

Affiliations are for identification only.

The Seamless Garment Network

A selection from the eighty-five member groups

Feminists for Life of America • Agnostics for Life • Buddhist Vihara Society
JustLife • Pax Christi USA • Center for Justice (Buffalo) • Sojourners
Common Ground of Upstate New York • Prolifers for Peace, London, U.K.
Pro-Life Non-Violent Action Project • Peace On Earth News • Liberals for Life
PEACH (Prolife Ethics and Consistent Human Rights), Luton Beds, U.K.
Committee: Witnesses for Reconciliation (The Committee of Southern Churchmen)
SHOW (Students Helping Others Worldwide)

Enclosed is my contribution so this ad can be widely published:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State ____ Zip _____

Donation $ _____

Seamless Garment Network
109 Pickwick Drive,
Rochester, NY 14618 716 / 442-8497

Contact us for information on how your organization can be a member. 67nr

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wasn't bashing the president, he was saving the president," said one Finance Committee staffer.

Since these early conflicts, Clinton has courted Moynihan carefully. Before he unveiled his economic plan in February, Clinton made sure Moynihan was on board, inviting him to the White House to talk about it. He got Moynihan's advance consent to his non-inclusion of $4 billion for welfare reform funding in the budget, convincing him it would be better to handle it as a stand-alone issue later on. Moynihan has been further soothed by visits from members of Clinton's welfare reform task force—Reed, David Ellwood and Mary Jo Bane of HHS. At a recent meeting about Clinton's "empowerment zones" initiative, Moynihan regaled the group with a lecture on the history of urban policy, explaining that enterprise zones were actually a Fabian idea.

DANIEL PATRICK MOYNIHAN BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

Lately Moynihan has been one of the most regular visitors to the White House. In April he and his wife, Elizabeth, had dinner chez Clinton, and Moynihan lunched with the president twice during the first week in May. People around Moynihan say he truly likes both Bill and Hillary. At one recent meeting Moynihan told the first lady about the economist William Baumol and his theory of "cost disease," which he thought might be useful to the health care task force. Moynihan was impressed when Hillary called Baumol, a professor at NYU. When Mrs. Clinton came to the Senate to speak to members of the Finance Committee about health care reform, Moynihan phoned Packwood to make sure that a rumor he had heard about Republicans boycotting the meeting wasn't true.

But more important than the senator's personal feelings about the Clintons is his stake in delivering eleven votes by his deadline of June 18. Moynihan, who is 66, is up for re-election in 1994. His term as finance chairman lasts eight years, after which he is likely to retire. The opportunity to work with a Democratic president may not come again. Moreover, "Moynihan believes in supporting presidents," according to Shapiro, a former staffer now at the Progressive Policy Institute. "Unless the president goes way off base, proposes policies that have no sound basis as Reagan and Bush did, he's on board because he believes in the presidency."

These sentiments far outweigh Moynihan's private belief that spending cuts should go deeper, according to one colleague, and his objections to some elements of Clinton's economic package. Moynihan, for instance, says he's unhappy over the removal of the cap on contributions to the Hospital Insurance portion of Medicare, arguing that it destroys the system's basis as a contributory scheme. "Never before have we increased the FICA tax for the simple purpose of raising revenue," he says. And the reduction in the tax deductibility of business meals from 80 percent to 50 percent is especially painful to him, since $3 billion of the $15 billion it is supposed to raise will come from Manhattan. But picking apart the plan is not a luxury he can currently afford. "He has indicated that while he would have written a different bill, recognizing how high the stakes are he is inclined to support it ... because the president needs this so badly," says Tom Daschle, a South Dakota Democrat on the Finance Committee. "But he doesn't expect that all senators are going to be as generous in their willingness to support the president."

In some respects, Moynihan hopes to emulate the highly successful Bentsen, but he has a different style. Bentsen, says Packwood, "played close to the vest." No one knew what he thought about anything beyond the arcana of tax policy. And Bentsen was an enforcer when he had to be, making clear the consequences for deviant behavior. Moynihan, by contrast, is not known for coercing support. And he has expressed his views on every subject under the sun. "Pat Moynihan is extremely inclusive," says Daschle. "He invites participation and advice, making everyone feel a part of the process." According to Daschle, Moynihan has been meeting with individual senators to try to accommodate their objections to Clinton's bill. At the same time, he makes it known that he is

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

going to be chairman for a long time and has a good memory.

"He has spoken to each member of the committee very explicitly in terms of what this bill means to this presidency," says Lawrence O'Donnell, the committee chief of staff. "He knows exactly where everybody is. It's very clear to the chairman how to get eleven votes. He knows how to do it." In practice, this means that a compromise with Breaux, Boren and Kent Conrad of North Dakota on the energy tax is in the works. Moynihan is trying, however, to avoid being a soft touch by conceding too much, especially to those who make a point of holding out until the eleventh hour. "You want somehow to discourage that," he says. "The reward should be for cooperativeness."

Moynihan's annoyance at the president is likely to recur. It's not just a question of whether adept schmoozing by the White House will keep his irascibility under control; Moynihan is emblematic of a whole class of people who supported Clinton as a New Democrat during the campaign and now suspect he may not really be one of them after all. The members of this group are, by and large, willing to compromise, and they don't want to judge the president too harshly or too soon. They want to help him do what he said he was going to do. Just the same, they're worried. Moynihan, the most mercurial of them all, may be the first to decide Clinton no longer deserves the benefit of the doubt.

Rebelliousness remains in his blood. In his 1979 biography, *Pat*, Moynihan's pollster Doug Schoen writes that Moynihan's father, John Moynihan, was "a constant source of pride and concern to his father because of his powerful intellect and his almost total lack of responsibility." John Moynihan abandoned his family, leaving his wife to raise three children by running a tavern in Hell's Kitchen. Moynihan, too, is prone to wander off, lose his focus and hop from issue to issue. He has a habit of frustrating his allies. On April 15 he appeared before the Association for a Better New York, where he was supposed to give a ringing re-election endorsement to David Dinkins, who was standing nearby. Instead, Moynihan drew on his acerbic recent article "Defining Deviancy Down" in decrying the city's declining quality of life and the inefficiency of its government.

Observers assume that so cantankerous a character cannot be a genuine supporter of the president's. But that's just Moynihan—easily peeved, legendarily difficult to work for and genuinely annoyed when people do things like get numbers wrong. Few other senators, after all, can spot a statistical fallacy, and Moynihan wants to make sure his acumen is recognized. The problem is that a series of nitpicks can undermine a larger goal. In 1953, when he left graduate school in London, Moynihan analyzed himself as well as anyone has. He wrote to a friend that he had "almost first-class critical intelligence" but "second-class abilities." He seems to understand that he is the reverse of FDR, whom Oliver Wendell Holmes famously called "a second-class mind but a first-class temperament." The trick now is to keep the intelligence intact while holding his temperament in check. •

The Rebels II.

RED-HOT KERREY

By Fred Barnes

Early in February, Senator Bob Kerrey of Nebraska was summoned to the White House by President Clinton. Kerrey figured Clinton wanted his help in dousing the firestorm over lifting the ban on gays in the military. Having won a Congressional Medal of Honor for bravery in Vietnam, Kerrey is an important player on military matters. He and Clinton jogged and ate breakfast, but Clinton broached the issue of gays only in passing. Kerrey was unmoved. Afterward, he did not rush to support Clinton. His position remains ambivalent, sympathetic to both gays and the military brass.

Kerrey has been invited twice more to the White House. At a session later in February, he told the president that he'd made a terrible mistake in putting his wife in charge of the health care task force. "I put a lot of heat into it," he says. (Within weeks he changed his mind and now lauds Hillary Clinton's role as "a monumental plus.") In March, Kerrey dropped another bomb. At a meeting with Senate Democrats, he told Clinton he would oppose the $16.3 billion economic stimulus package. "I was very straightforward and clear," he says. "I couldn't support it because I don't think it'll work." It wouldn't create 500,000 jobs as advertised. "Nobody stood up and clapped," says Senator John Breaux of Louisiana, a participant in the meeting.

Kerrey wasn't a problem when he challenged Clinton for the Democratic presidential nomination in 1992, but he is now. The Kerrey candidacy, narrowly focused on his war record and health care, fizzled in New Hampshire. Rather than brood, Kerrey began fleshing out a broader agenda, one that puts him at odds with the Clinton administration on issues such as the deficit, the energy tax and national service, to name a few. But Kerrey is not exactly a Clinton critic. He tries, sometimes lamely, to say nice things about Clinton. On Bosnia he argues, "The president's approach, shaky at times, has been solid." Nor is Kerrey organizing an anti-Clinton cabal among Senate Democrats. He's too much a loner for that. Kerrey is what Clinton promised to be but isn't: a different kind of Democrat—independent, minimally partisan, a renegade. In Washington he's becoming a powerful alternative voice, one who says that on fiscal issues Democrats "have to do things that make us sound like Republicans."

Kerrey and Clinton seem at first to be chips off the same block. They are roughly the same age (Clinton is

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

46, Kerrey 49), come from the heartland, served as governors together, tend to be non-ideological and appeal to moderates and liberals. They're both from the '60s generation. But there the likeness ends. Kerrey is in that generation, but not of it. "This man was untouched by the '60s," says Democratic Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan of New York, Kerrey's closest ally. "It didn't happen to him. He wasn't part of the counterculture. And he wasn't part of the counter-counterculture." While Clinton evaded the draft and mingled with the meritocracy, Kerrey fought in Vietnam, returned to Nebraska and went into business (restaurants, health clubs).

Clinton is a policy wonk. Kerrey isn't. The year he arrived in Washington, 1989, Kerrey declared senators should be barred from reading anything but fiction. He's a fan of Reynolds Price and Wallace Stegner. But the most significant gap between Clinton and Kerrey is their view of government. Clinton sees government as benign, helpful, effective. The thread through his domestic policies is an expanded role for the federal government. Kerrey sees government as an impediment to prosperity and a threat to freedom. He rarely misses an opportunity to zing the federal government. At a National Science Foundation forum on May 13, he was asked if Washington might help local school boards cut unnecessary staff and spending. "I don't know what makes you think the federal people will be much help," Kerrey snapped. "Is it something we've done lately? I must have missed it."

Kerrey's near libertarian view of government drew him into a bitter quarrel on May 6 with Democratic Representative Craig Washington of Texas during the taping of "Public Voice '93," a panel discussion to be broadcast on PBS in June. "There still is no substitute for individual initiative and a willingness of people to work hard," Kerrey said when the subject turned to job insecurity. "... We've got to send a message to the American people that there is no substitute for individual kindness and a willingness to help one another. If you want to do something about homelessness, about children in trouble ... you can't just say, 'Why doesn't Washington do something about it?' Because that absolutely won't work." Washington sneered at that as "a goody two-shoes kind of thing" and defended Clinton's economic program.

Kerrey fired back. "If we send a message that somehow it's easy to create a job, that somehow all we have to do is wait for someone in Washington to tell us what to do, I think that's precisely the wrong message to send." With China putting economic pressure on the United States, "people keep coming to me and saying, 'What's Washington going to do about it?' Well, in many cases the good news is Washington shouldn't do anything.... The best successes we've had in the '80s were in the instances where Washington didn't have any involvement. Look at the success of Intel. Look at the success of Microsoft. Look at the success of those industries that have done well in the 1980s and they've succeeded precisely because Washington hadn't planned them."

By this point Washington was apoplectic. Extolling the 1980s, the Reagan era, is heresy for a Democrat. Kerrey's message, Washington said, "doesn't work. For every example that you make about Microsoft, there are a thousand other examples of 10,000 people who are out of work. If your theory were correct, then we'd be doing better than we were in 1980.... We're doing worse." Washington offered no examples, so Kerrey turned to his pet peeve: overspending on entitlements that causes underspending in other areas. "The reason we are underinvesting in children is because very few people want to talk about a $44 billion increase in spending that is going to the top five entitlement programs that don't provide any investment in children, don't provide any investment in transportation, any investment in education," he said. Kerrey was praised by one panelist, freshman Representative Jay Kim of California, a Republican. "I agree with what he's saying," said Kim. "He's sounding more and more like a Republican."

Kerrey lacks the GOP's aversion to tax hikes, but he shares its zeal for deficit reduction through spending cuts. "There's a lot of Bob Dole in him, without the ...," says Moynihan, not completing the sentence. Ten days after Clinton unveiled his economic program in his February 17 address to Congress, Kerrey told a town meeting in Albion, Nebraska, that spending cuts were the key. "I don't mind voting for tax increases, but taxes won't get the job done. All taxes will do is cover this thing up for a short period of time and this [deficit] problem will be right back in our face." What's needed, he insisted, is "to take the base of spending at the federal level down."

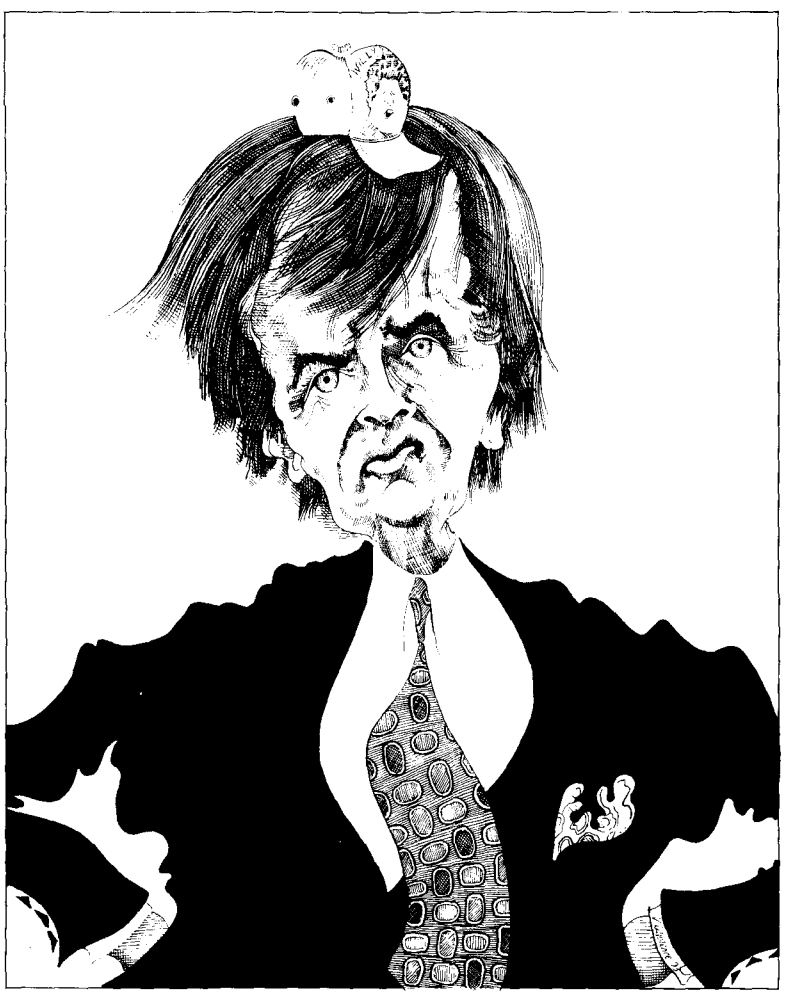
Kerrey is beginning to voice his qualms more directly. "I'm not convinced the whole plan is going to work," he told me. "It doesn't, for me, meet a very important test. We need to send a message from Washington that success in life depends on a citizen's willingness to work, risk and do the things that need to be done." He not only denounced the stimulus package on the Senate floor, he voted for two Republican alternatives. Kerrey's opposition irritated the White House and Democratic leadership. At a strategy luncheon of Senate Democrats two days after his floor speech, Kerrey was ribbed, "but nothing I need fear." One senator joked Kerrey's position would "turn Nebraska from a semi-arid to an arid state."

Democrats better brace themselves for more heartburn. At the request of Senate Appropriations Committee chairman Robert Byrd of West Virginia, Kerrey agreed to refrain from attacking the proposed energy tax until it reaches the Senate floor this summer. The tax, the linchpin of Clinton's economic program, is the chief target of Senate Republicans. They believe the president's program will unravel without revenue from the energy tax. Kerrey's decision to vote against it—"My first preference is to replace it with spending cuts"—gives Republicans a real shot at defeating it. Kerrey also may vote against the entire economic program. He wants Clinton to assault the deficit by backing a cap on entitlement spending, perhaps the stringent cap advocated by Democratic Senator Sam Nunn of Georgia and Republican Pete Domenici of New Mexico. There's a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

majority in the Senate for this, Kerrey says, including all forty-three Republicans. If he took on entitlements, "The president will be on high ground." Absent these cuts, Kerrey says he might vote "out of total frustration" for a balanced budget amendment, a measure he'd always opposed.

On some issues Kerrey outflanks Republicans on the right. On May 4 he was the only Democrat to vote against elevating the Environmental Protection Agency to Cabinet status, a step first proposed by President Bush. In a statement Kerrey explained, "Government is simply too big and inefficient and something must be done. So what does Congress do? We make our problem bigger by proposing to establish another department in the bureaucracy before any comprehensive reform is taken."



BOB KERREY BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

During his brief presidential run, Kerrey's call for downsizing the federal government got little attention, though it was far more specific than Clinton's talk of "reinventing government." Kerrey said he'd cut the number of Cabinet departments from fourteen to seven (Defense, State, Treasury, Justice, Human Resources, Natural Resources and Economic Policy). He vowed to slash nonentitlement domestic expenditures by 25 percent. (This category of spending rises in Clinton's budget.) Now Kerrey and Democratic Senator Joe Lieberman of Connecticut are pushing for a commission to "streamline" the federal government. Like the base-closing commission, it would recommend cuts and changes that Congress would be forced to vote on in a single package.

Kerrey's bugaboo is the Nanny State. He was critical of Clinton's bid to have the federal government dispense all vaccines for children. "I don't think government should be buying up the vaccine." He's dubious of Clinton's scheme for national service in exchange for college aid. "Service shouldn't be sold by saying this is good for you," he says. "You need to say: your country needs you." But Kerrey is not entirely anti-government. He doesn't want farm programs slashed, noting they were cut 10 percent last year, and favors a broad federal role in health care. But he's backed off from the single-payer, Canada-style health care system he promoted as a presidential candidate. "I favor national standards, benefits and simplified reporting forms, but I do not favor federalizing the system," he wrote in April in *Roll Call*.

Kerrey has changed since he impulsively announced a presidential bid in 1991. As a candidate, he often bored audiences. Now he's more disciplined and a better speaker, and has more to talk about. He still defies ideological definition and is unpredictable, but he's not becoming a Republican. On lifestyle issues, civil rights, child and nutrition programs and a lot more, he's reliably liberal. The GOP has earmarked him for defeat next year (Kerrey hasn't formally announced, but he intends to run for a second term), resting its hopes on connecting Kerrey with Clinton, unpopular in Nebraska. "He'll vote with Clinton more often than he'll vote against him," says David Carney, deputy director of the Republican Senatorial Campaign Committee. Probably so, but by 1994 Kerrey is likely to be firmly established as an anti-Clinton Democrat. If re-elected, and assuming Democrats hold the Senate, he'll be chairman of the Intelligence Committee.

In truth, Kerrey doesn't bring out blood lust in Republicans. His lack of partisanship is reciprocated. "In the beginning I thought he was kind of a flake," says GOP Senator John McCain of Arizona, also a Vietnam veteran. "That's not the case. I find him more candid than any senator I know." McCain has grounds for saying this. Last October, Kerrey appeared in Arizona with McCain's Democratic opponent, Claire Sargent. At the time, McCain was in Hanoi on a negotiating mission for Bush. Sargent accused McCain of sneaking off to Vietnam for political reasons. Not so, said Kerrey. McCain's trip was prompted by serious new information about POWs and MIAs. Kerrey said he "would not suggest anything other than that the mission itself is likely to be important." Sargent was thunderstruck at Kerrey's non-support, just as Clinton is now. •

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS & The Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on Films

Season's Difference

The French director Claude Sautet has been immersed in music all his life. While he was going to film school in the late 1940s, he was also working as a music critic. His whole film career (spottily represented in the United States) seems to have moved toward his latest picture, **Un Coeur en Hiver** (October), which allows him to work in the music world and, perhaps because of this, brings out the best in him.

That's not quite accurate—it brings out a new Sautet. Previously, as with *César and Rosalie* and *Vincent, François, Paul and the Others*, he produced svelte designer films, cut to prevailing modes of "continental" character and accessible tristesse. Now, however, he has taken on a difficult, subtle task, and he has found the means to deal with it.

The central character, Stéphane, is a thirtyish man of closely circumscribed emotions. To those who know him slightly, he seems normal; to those who know him better, he seems frigid; to those who know him even better, he seems to have a secret—a secret life, unrevealed. But to those who know him best—ourselves, the audience—he is simply telling the truth when he says that his interest in love and in friendship is nil.

His profession fits his temperament; he is a maker and restorer of violins. He studied music and gave up performing because he wasn't satisfied with his talent. He became a master craftsman at the service of musicians. Prominent violinists rely on him to minister to ailing instruments, to find and furbish old ones. He aids those who evoke emotion while he himself is excused from it.

His business arrangement suits him, too. He is partners with Maxim, who handles all the money arrangements, the traveling and dealing, the multiple contacts with people. Stéphane can remain in his workshop. And he insists, when asked, that he and Maxim are just partners, not friends.

His self-containment, never rude but always maintained, is what leads to the trouble in the story. Maxim leaves his wife for a young woman, a promising violinist named Camille. Camille is no gushing fount of emotion herself, but she is warm enough, first, to want Maxim, and second, to want Stéphane even more when she meets him.

He holds back. Camille interprets this as loyalty to Maxim, and she insists on forcing the issue, on throwing herself at Stéphane. She seems to assume that his reticence is something like her own, a cover for heat. When he still doesn't respond, she is of course humiliated and angry.

This leads to the sort of situation that Eric Rohmer relishes: a strange conflict built out of dailiness. Maxim suspects that Camille is drawn to Stéphane. In a restaurant, he accidentally witnesses her angry outburst at Stéphane, after which she storms out. Then Maxim walks over and slaps Stéphane's face. Maxim is furious with Stéphane because Stéphane has rejected Maxim's mistress.

It sounds like French farce, but it's really a poignant—and oddly gripping—dilemma of unbelieved truth. Stéphane tells the truth about his feelings, or lack of them, and this truth, seen against "normal" responses, is taken as offense. The Maxim-Stéphane partnership splits. Eventually the two men are at least socially reconciled, while Camille keeps going her professional way. Stéphane continues as before, quite reconciled to a life about which no one believes he is neither sexually secretive nor unhappy.

Music, most immediately emotional of the arts, is the film's contradictory ambience. Much of the action revolves around Camille's recording of some Ravel chamber pieces with other musicians. This "musicness" is so prevalent that the film takes on some of the texture of Corneau's *Tout les Matins du Monde* and Rivette's *La Belle Noiseuse*, films in which the very making of art provided the venue of the story. (Curious that all three of these films should have retained their French titles in the United States.) This link is emphasized because Emmanuelle Béart, who played the artist's model for Rivette, is Camille here and gives the violinist the same poise—like a cool restraint over tumbling mysteries.

André Dussolier has the right unostentatious savoir faire for Maxim. But the film depends on Daniel Auteuil, best known here for his quasi-cretinous young peasant in *Jean de Florette* and *Manon of the Spring*. Auteuil's Stéphane, with burning eyes that belie his inner placidity, with quiet courtesy, with calm resignation to his tragicomic fate, holds the film together and up.

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Dave. *A presidential look-alike takes over the White House. Reminiscent of other look-alike stories, but fairly amusing. Kevin Kline gyrates as the livelier prez. (Reviewed 5/31/93)* **Much Ado About Nothing.** *A blaze of light, joy, wizardry. Four Americans in the cast don't help, but Emma Thompson and Kenneth Branagh are enchanting, the others glitter and Branagh shows continuing mastery in directing Shakespeare on film. (5/10/93)* **The Story of Qiu Ju.** *In rural China today a young wife fights the injustice done her husband. Pleasant, funny, strong. (5/17/93)* **Stolen Children.** *Emotional verity, no sentiment, in this story of a trip from Milan to Sicily–an 11-year-old girl prostituted by her mother, her younger brother and a young policeman who is taking them to a home. (3/22/93)* **—SK**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Claude Sautet says he was inspired for this story by "Princess Mary" in Lermontov's *A Hero of Our Time*. (This, by the way, is the book that a boy is reading in two Bergman films, *The Silence* and *Persona*.) The screenplay, by Yves Ulmann, Jacques Fieschi and Jérome Tonnerre, takes little more from Lermontov than the idea of an emotionally distanced protagonist. For Lermontov's military environment of 1832, Sautet substitutes the music world of today.

Sautet's longtime editor, Jacqueline Thiedot, has a discriminating touch with dialogues that might otherwise be like pingpong matches. Ves Angelo photographs Paris as we all want to see it. Sautet directs with skill and conviction. He has all the skill he needs, but it's his conviction about the strange appeal of Stéphane's paradoxical being that makes the picture hold us and linger in the mind.

Splitting Heirs (Universal), a farce, made me sad. It was written by Eric Idle. He and John Cleese are in it. Both of them were members of Monty Python, whose best films, *Life of Brian* and *The Meaning of Life*, are masterworks and whose worst films shine with intelligent zaniness. *Splitting Heirs* has a faint whiff of Alec Guinness's *Kind Hearts and Coronets*, but that wouldn't much matter if it weren't so crushingly unwitty. So strained and laborious. There's something horribly embarrassing, almost intrusive, about seeing these people when they are not sublimely funny. It's like watching once-superb ballet stars who insist on appearing when they're past it.

Michael Palin, too, once scintillating in the group, has lately been starring in some stodgy stuff of his own. Terry Gilliam, who was very active in the group and who directed *The Meaning of Life*, most recently directed *Baron Munchausen* and *The Fisher King*, both disasters.

Must we deduce something about the futures of ex-Python people? I hope not. It's too depressing. •

Our distortions and their consequences.

India and the West

By Amartya Sen

I.

In a letter to his mother, dated January 9, 1913, E. M. Forster describes his experience of climbing the minaret of a mosque in Banaras, accompanied by a train of local children. When they came down, they asked for *bakshis*, or tips, "reprimanding each other for their bad breeding as they did so." Forster reports the negotiations thus:

> To the boy who had helped me not to bump my head I gave one anna. He said it was little, I said it was enough and he agreed. The other boy had carried Murray and so I gave him two, but he too said it was little.... I asked his name. He answered "Baldeo." I told him that was my servant's name too, and he was so struck that he forgot about the money and engaged in social talk. At the end he said, "Presence, two annas are not much, can I have four?" "O Baldeo, two are plenty." "Plenty, did you say? O very well," and he went like a dear.

Not all international encounters go as smoothly as that. What is chiefly at work in this report is Forster's inclination, of which there is plenty of other evidence, to like what he sees in India (except, of course, the British). Yet the experiences that he describes and summarizes can be interpreted and seen quite differently. Thus, in recounting what are, at one level, rather similar experiences in India, John King Fairbank, the great American expert on China (and generally known to be a kind person), assesses the situation very differently. "One never disputes a fee with them; they all salute and take it.... With Chinese coolies ... if you pay too much, they try for more, if not enough, they protest vigorously." When at last Fairbank returns to China from India, he is happy to confirm that the Chinese "are vigorous and smiling, the greatest contrast to the lassitude and repression of the Indians." Fairbank retains the memory of pliant Indians as "timorous cowering creatures, too delicate to fight like the Chinese."

The point in question is not whether Forster's and Fairbank's experiences of Indian docility in this type of money-making are typical now, or were typical when they made their respective observations. Nor am I particularly concerned with the contrast between Chinese and Indian traits. The relevant issue here is the disparate perceptions of essentially similar sequences of events by two observers with different backgrounds and predispositions.

Dissimilarity of perceptions has been an important characteristic of Western understanding of India, and several different and competing conceptions of that large and complex culture have been influential in the West. The diversity is of interest on its own, but its importance is much enhanced by the impact that the Western conceptions have on the self-perceptions of the Indians themselves. This interrelationship is partly the result of India's colonial history, but the influence of foreign interpretations on the self-perception of indigenous peoples is also a general feature of contemporary cultural interdependence. It applies with particular force to societies that have ended up being more dependent, for historical reasons, on ideas that flourish in the metropolis of the modern world.

The influence of self-perception can be particularly important when a country is in the process of redefining itself. This is the case in India now. The movement to see India more in Hindu religious terms is a cultural correlate of the political developments that have put India in such turmoil in recent years. The interest in cultural understanding is thus intensified by its contemporary political relevance. I shall argue that the diverse interpretations of India in the West have, for a variety of reasons to be discussed, tended to work in the same direction, and have reinforced each other in their impact on the self-perceptions of Indians. And the overall effect of this process has been unfortunately to undermine the more rationalist and less religious parts of Indian intellectual traditions; and this has a direct bearing on what we see in India today.

In his justly famous analysis of the construction of the "Orient" in the Western imagination, Edward Said has written that "the Orient is an idea that has a history and a tradition of thought, imagery and vocabulary that have given it reality and presence *in and for the West*." Said explains that his own work "deals principally, not with a correspondence between Orientalism and Orient, but with the internal consistency in a particularly influential Western characterization of the Orient." I would argue, however, that unless one chooses to focus on the evolution of a specific conceptual tradition

Amartya Sen is Lamont University Professor at Harvard University and the author of *Inequality Re-examined* (Harvard University Press).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(as Said in effect does), "internal consistency" is precisely what is hard to find in the variety of Western conceptions of, in this instance, India. For there are several fundamentally contrary ideas and images of India, and they have quite distinct roles in the Western understanding of the country, and also in influencing the manner in which Indians see themselves.

II.

Attempts from outside India to understand and to interpret the country's traditions can be put into at least three distinct categories, which I shall call the exoticist, the magisterial and the investigative. The exoticist approach concentrates on the wondrous aspects of India. The focus here is on what is different, what is strange in a country that, as Hegel put it, "has existed for millennia in the imagination of the Europeans." The magisterial approach deals with notions of India as an imperial territory from the point of view of its governors. This outlook assimilates a sense of superiority and guardianhood needed to deal with a country that James Mill defined as "that great scene of British action." This, of course, is primarily a British phenomenon, but a great many British observers did not fall into this category, and some non-British ones did. The investigative approach is the most catholic of all, and covers various attempts to understand Indian culture and tradition from outside, without looking only for the strange and without being weighed down by the magisterial burden.

I begin with the investigative approach. People are interested in other cultures and different lands, and investigations across the boundaries of country and tradition have been vigorously pursued throughout human history. The development of human civilization would have been very different had that not been the case. Of course, the exact motivation for these investigations can vary; curiosity is not the only impulse. Yet the investigations need not be as thoroughly constrained as they are under the exoticist or magisterial straitjackets.

In contemporary theories of history and literature, there is some skepticism as to the possibility of any approach to learning that is innocent of power, or unaffected by the characteristic interests of the observer. To some extent, such skepticism is justified. The motivation for the investigation and the nature of the observations would indeed depend on the role and the position of the observer vis-à-vis the object of investigation. But this conditionality does not have the effect of making all the different observational findings equally arbitrary. There *are* real lines to be drawn between inferences dominated by rigid preconceptions and those that are not so dominated. The process of learning can accommodate considerable motivational variations without becoming worthless as an epistemic enterprise.

An excellent example of investigative approaches to understanding India can be found in Alberuni's Arabic *Ta'rikh al-hind*, or History of India, written in the early eleventh century. Alberuni was born in Central Asia in 973 A.D., and first came to India with the marauding troops of Mahmud of Ghazni. He became very involved with India, proceeded to master Sanskrit, studied Indian texts on mathematics, natural sciences, literature, philosophy and religion, conversed with as many experts as he could and also observed social conventions and practices. His book presents a remarkable account of the intellectual traditions and social customs of India at the time.

Alberuni's was almost certainly the most impressive of such investigations, but there are a great many examples of serious Arabic studies of Indian intellectual traditions around that time. Brahmagupta's pioneering Sanskrit treatise on astronomy had been first translated into Arabic in the eighth century (Alberuni retranslated it three centuries later); several works on medicine, science and philosophy had Arabic rendering by the ninth century; and so on. It was through the Arabs, of course, that the Indian decimal system reached Europe, as did Indian writings in mathematics, science and literature in general.

In the concluding chapter of his book, Alberuni describes the motivation of his work this way:

> We think now that what we have related in this book will be sufficient for anyone who wants to converse with the Hindus, and to discuss with them questions of religion, science or literature, on the very basis of their own civilization.

He is particularly aware of the difficulties of achieving an understanding of a foreign land and people, and specifically warns the reader about it:

> In all manners and usages, [the Indians] differ from us to such a degree as to frighten their children with us, with our dress, and our ways and customs, and as to declare us to be the devil's breed, and our doings as the very opposite of all that is good and proper. By the bye, we must confess, in order to be just, that a similar deprecation of foreigners not only prevails among us and the Indians, but is common to all nations toward each other.

While Arab scholarship on India provides plentiful examples of what I am calling the investigative approach, it is not unique in this respect. Quite a lot of early European studies of India must be put in this general category. A good example is the work of the Italian Jesuit Roberto Nobili, who went to south India in the early seventeenth century, and whose remarkable scholarship in Sanskrit and Tamil permitted him to produce quite authoritative books on Indian intellectual discussions, in Latin as well as in Tamil. Another Jesuit, Father Pons from France, produced a grammar of Sanskrit in Latin in the early eighteenth century, and also sent a collection of Indian manuscripts to Europe. (Happily, they did not have to deal with the Bombay customs authorities in those days.)

Still, the real eruption of European interest in India took place a bit later, in direct response to British—rather than Italian or French—scholarship on India. A towering figure in this intellectual transmission was the redoubtable William Jones, the legal scholar and officer of the East India Company, who went to India in 1783 and by the following year had established the Asiatic Society of Bengal, with the active patronage of Warren Hastings. In collaboration with scholars such as Charles Wilkins and Thomas Colebrooke, Jones and the Asiatic Society did a remarkable job in translating a number of Indian classics—religious documents (such as the *Bhagavadgītā*) as well as legal treatises (particularly, *Manusmriti*) and literary works (such as Kalidāsā's *Śākuntalā*).

Jones's ambition was, he explained to a friend, "to know India better than any other European ever knew it," and his own description of his chosen fields of study included the following modest list:

> ... the Laws of the Hindus and the Mohamedans, Modern Politics and Geography of Hindustan, Best Mode of Governing Bengal, Arithmetic and Geometry, and Mixed Sciences of the Asiaticks, Medicine, Chemistry, Surgery, and Anatomy of the Indians, Natural Productions of India, Poetry, Rhetoric, and Morality of Asia, Music of the Eastern Nations, Trade, Manufacture, Agriculture, and Commerce of India.

One can find many other examples of dedicated scholarship among British officers in the East India Company, and there can be little doubt that the Western perceptions of India were profoundly influenced by such investigations. Western scholarship in Indian studies has continued at a high level right to the present time. Although Europeans (British, French, German, Russian and others) have been more occupied with the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

subcontinent than Americans have, in recent years there has been more interest in the United States as well, and a community of distinguished scholars with expertise on India has clearly emerged.

III.

I turn now to the second category, the magisterial approach. The task of ruling a foreign country does not go easily with seeing the subjects as equal. It is quite remarkable that the early British administrators in India, even the controversial Hastings, were as respectful of the Indian traditions as in fact they were. The empire was, of course, still in its infancy and was being acquired rather gradually and tentatively (if not quite in a fit of absent-mindedness).

A good example of a magisterial approach to India is the classic book on India written by James Mill, published in 1817, on the strength of which he was appointed as an official of the East India Company. Mill's *History of British India* played a major role in introducing the British governors of India to a certain characterization of the country. Mill disputed and dismissed practically every claim ever made on behalf of Indian culture. He concluded that it was totally primitive and rude. This diagnosis fitted well with Mill's general position in favor of bringing a rather barbaric nation under the benign and reformist administration of the British empire. Consistent with his beliefs, Mill was also an expansionist in dealing with the remaining independent states in the subcontinent; the obvious policy to pursue, he explained, was "to make war on those states and subdue them."

Mill chastised early British administrators (such as Jones) for having taken "Hindus to be a people of high civilization, while they have in reality made but a few of the earliest steps in the progress to civilization." At the end of a comprehensive attack on all fronts, he came to the conclusion that the Indian civilization was at par with other inferior ones known to Mill—"very nearly the same with that of the Chinese, the Persian and the Arabians," and he also put in this category, for good measure, "subordinate nations, the Japanese, Cochin-Chinese, Siamese, Burmans and even Malays and Tibetans."

How well-informed was Mill about his subject? He wrote his book without ever having visited India. It was also hard for him to "be there authorially" (to use one of Clifford Geertz's concepts), and this was not only because he had not been there personally. He knew no Sanskrit, no Persian and no Arabic; he had practically no knowledge of any of the modern Indian languages; and so his reading of

"To Make It In America You Need To Speak My Language"

Dr. Selina Chen-Kiang, Molecular Biologist

"And today that language is English, even though I still speak Chinese at home. It was the first thing I knew I had to excel in upon arriving in the United States. You can't enter or advance in my constantly evolving profession without possessing a high level of proficiency in both the written and spoken word."

Dr. Chen-Kiang was born in China, educated in Taiwan and at Cornell University, received a Ph.D. from Columbia University and continued with post-doctoral studies at Rockefeller University. Today, she's involved in cutting edge genetics research—living proof that English is the key to opportunity in America. It's the tie that binds together our nation of immigrants.

We are U.S.ENGLISH, a national, multi-cultural, non-partisan, non-profit organization dedicated to designating English as the official language of the United States government and to increasing opportunities for all who live in America to learn English.

To find out more, call our toll-free number **1-800-787-8216**. Or write: 818 Connecticut Ave. NW, Suite 200, Washington, DC, 20006. We'll send you information on how you can help spread the word about our common language.

U.S.ENGLISH

THE LANGUAGE OF EQUAL OPPORTUNITY℠

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Indian material was most limited. Moreover, there was his inclination to distrust anything stated by native scholars, since they appeared to him to be liars. "Our ancestors," said Mill, "though rough, were sincere; but under the glossing exterior of the Hindu lies a general disposition to deceit and perfidy."

Perhaps some examples of Mill's treatment of particular claims of achievements may be useful to illustrate the nature of his extremely influential approach. The invention of the decimal system with place value and a zero, now used everywhere, as well as the so-called Arabic numerals are generally known to be Indian developments. Alberuni had mentioned them in his eleventh-century book on India, and many European as well as Arab scholars had written on the subject. But Mill dismisses the Indian claim to priority altogether, on the ground that "the invention of numerical characters must have been very ancient" and "whether the signs used by the Hindus are so peculiar as to render it probable that they invented them, or whether it is still more probable that they borrowed them, are questions which, for the purpose of ascertaining their progress in civilization, are not worth resolving." He proceeds then to explain that the Arabic numerals "are really hieroglyphics," and that the claim on behalf of the Indians and the Arabs reflects the confounding of "the origins of ciphers or numerical characters" with "that of hieroglyphic writing." Mill's rather elementary error lies in not knowing what exactly a decimal or place-value system is (or does), but his ill-informed smugness cannot be understood except in terms of his implicit unwillingness to believe that a really sophisticated invention could have been managed by such a primitive people.

Another interesting example is Mill's reaction to Indian astronomy and its prescient argument for a heliocentric view of the planetary system, with a rotating Earth and a model of gravitational attraction. Such a view was proposed by Aryabhata, who was born in 476 A.D., and investigated by, among others, Varahamihira and Brahmagupta in the sixth and seventh centuries. Their works were well-known in the Arab world. Jones had been told about these works in India, and he reported what he learned. But Mill expresses total astonishment at Jones's gullibility. "As evidence of the fond credulity with which the state of society among the Hindus was for a time regarded, I ought to mention the statement of Sir W. Jones, who gravely, and with an air of belief, informs us, that he had heard of a philosopher 'whose work was said to contain a system of the universe, founded on the principle of attraction and the central position of the sun.' " After ridiculing the absurdity of this attribution and commenting on the "pretensions and interests" of Jones's Indian informants, Mill concludes that it was "extremely natural that Sir William Jones, whose pundits had become acquainted with the ideas of European philosophers respecting the system of the universe, should hear from them that those ideas were the contained in their own books."

For the purpose of comparison, it is useful to examine Alberuni's eleventh-century discussion of the same issue, involving heliocentrism and the role of gravitational attraction in Indian science:

> Brahmagupta says in another place of the same book: "The followers of Aryabhata maintain that the Earth is moving and heaven resting. People have tried to refute them by saying that, if such were the case, stones and trees would fall from the earth." But Brahmagupta does not agree with them, and says that that would not necessarily follow from their theory, apparently because he thought that all heavy things are attracted toward the center of the earth.

Alberuni himself proceeded to dispute this heliocentric view, raised a technical question about one of Brahmagupta's mathematical calculations, referred to a different book of his own arguing against heliocentrism and pointed out that the relativist character of movements makes this issue less central than one might first think: "the rotation of the Earth does in no way impair the value of astronomy, as all appearances of an astronomic character can quite as well be explained according to this theory as to the other." Here, as elsewhere, while arguing against an opponent's views, Alberuni tries to present them as clearly as possible. The contrast with Mill could not be sharper.

There are plenty of other examples of "magisterial" readings of India in Mill's history. This had some practical importance, since the book was extremely influential in British administration and widely praised. It was described by Macaulay as "on the whole the greatest historical work which has appeared in our language since that of Gibbon." Macaulay's own approach and inclinations fitted in well with Mill's:

> I have no knowledge of either Sanskrit or Arabic.... I am quite ready to take the Oriental learning at the valuation of the Orientalists themselves. I have never found one among them who could deny that a single shelf of a good European library was worth the whole native literature of India and Arabia.

This view of the poverty of Indian intellectual traditions played a major part in educational reform in British India, as was readily seen from the "Minute on Indian Education," written in 1835 by Macaulay himself. (The remark quoted above occurs in that "Minute.") The priorities in Indian education were determined, henceforth, by a different emphasis: by the need, as Macaulay argued, for a class of English-educated Indians who could "be interpreters between us and the millions whom we govern."

That policy has indeed had many achievements, but a shared knowledge of Indian classics is not among them. And leaving the classics only for specialists has some rather serious consequences for Indian education. For one thing, it makes the population more vulnerable to fraudulent and sectarian claims about Indian traditions. The thoroughly ahistorical and intolerant readings of the nature of "real India" by the newly powerful Hindu extremists, who cite nonexistent records and annals, and confound epic stories with scriptural texts, have been facilitated to some extent by the neglect of serious classical education in modern India.

The impact of the magisterial view of India was not confined only to Britain and India. Modern documents in the same tradition have been influential elsewhere, including in the United States. In a series of long conversations with 181 American intellectuals on India and China, conducted by Harold Isaacs in 1958, it was found that the two most widely read literary sources on India were Rudyard Kipling and Katherine Mayo. Of these, Kipling's writings would be more readily recognized as having something of the "magisterial" approach to them. Mayo was the author of the massively derogatory *Mother India*, which has been described by Lloyd Rudolph in this way:

> First published in 1927, *Mother India* was written in the context of official and unofficial British efforts to generate support in America for British rule in India. It added contemporary and lurid detail to the image of Hindu India as irredeemably and hopelessly impoverished, degraded, depraved and corrupt. Mayo's *Mother India* echoed not only the view of men like Alexander Duff, Charles Grant and John Stuart Mill but also those of Theodore Roosevelt, who glorified in bearing the white man's burden in Asia and celebrated the accomplishments of imperialism.

Mahatma Gandhi, while describing Mayo's book as "a drain inspector's report," added that every Indian should read it, and seemed to imply, as Ashis Nandy notes, that it is possible "to put

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

her criticism to internal use" (as an overstern drain inspector's report certainly may be). Gandhi himself was severely attacked in Mayo's book, though given his campaign against caste and untouchability, he might have welcomed even her exaggerations in the depiction of caste inequities. But American reliance on thoroughly distorted products of the "magisterial" approach must surely be detrimental to international understanding. Even though the influence of magisterial readings on American images of India has been somewhat countered in recent years by the political interest in Gandhi's life and ideas, and by the writings of Erik Erikson and John Kenneth Galbraith, it is still hard to break through the barrier of distorted preconceptions about India (as Nathan and Sulochana Glazer have discussed in their recent book, *Conflicting Images*).

IV.

I turn now to the "exoticist" approach to India. Interest in India has often been stimulated by the observation of exotic ideas and views there. Arrian's and Strabo's accounts of Alexander the Great's spirited conversation with various sages, including the naked gymnosophists of northwest India, may or may not be authentic, but ancient Greek literature is full of uncommon happenings and thoughts attributed to India.

Megasthenes' *Indika*, describing India of the early third century B.C., can claim to be the first outsider's book on India, and it certainly did excite much Greek interest, as can be seen from plentiful references to it, for example, in the writings of Diodorus, Strabo and Arrian. Megasthenes had ample opportunity to observe India; as envoy of Seleucus Nicator to the court of Chandragupta Maurya, he spent nearly a decade, between 302 and 291 B.C., in Pataliputra (the site of modern Patna), the capital city of the Mauryan empire. But his superlatively admiring book is also so full of accounts of fantastic objects and achievements in India that it is hard to be sure what is imagined and what is observed.

There are various other accounts of exotic Indian travels by ancient Greeks. The biography of Apollonius of Tiyana by Flavius Philostratus in the third century A.D. is a good example. Apollonius was most keen on a departure from what he saw around him. In his search for the out of the ordinary, he was, we understand, richly rewarded in India: "I have seen men living upon the earth and not upon it; defended without walls, having nothing and yet possessing all things."

From Alexander listening to the gymnosophists' lectures to contemporary

Learn To Speak A Foreign Language Fluently In 30 Days? Good Luck!

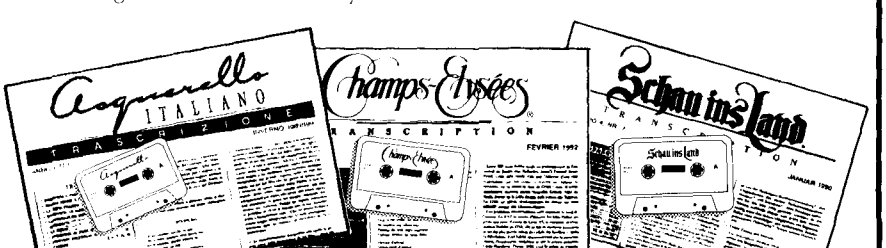
If you've been studying a foreign language for several years, you know fluency doesn't come quickly. It generally takes years to master a language — and an ongoing effort to maintain proficiency. Whether you try to learn a language on your own or in a class, with language cassettes or textbooks, sooner or later every course ends...and then what do you do?

Enter *Champs-Elysées*, *Schau ins Land*, and *Acquerello italiano*, internationally acclaimed audiomagazines for intermediate and advanced students of French, German, and Italian. Each consists of a monthly, hour-long program on audiocassette accompanied by a printed transcript with glossary. Optional study supplements also are available. These modular components may be used separately or together, depending on your proficiency in the language.

Because they're periodicals, they give you a means of honing your language skills, month in and month out, at your own pace. And their unique radio-magazine format is as entertaining as it is instructive.

Produced in Europe by professional broadcasters and journalists, each edition brings you news reports, interviews with fascinating and influential people, and features on a wide range of topics, including politics, business, the arts, cuisine, and sports — a monthly course in French, German, or Italian culture. By listening regularly to a language as it's spoken by a variety of native speakers, you build your vocabulary and improve your listening comprehension, as though you were living abroad.

We won't promise you fluency in 30 days, but we will give you your money back if you're not delighted with your first month's edition. Find out for yourself what thousands of business people, educators, diplomats, and professionals are raving about. Subscribe today!



Send check or money order to Champs-Elysées, Inc.
Dept. NR13, P.O. Box 158067, Nashville, TN 37215-8067

PLEASE RUSH ME MY FIRST EDITION OF:

☐ ***Champs-Elysées:***	5 monthly editions (US$69)	☐ Study supplement (US$20)
☐ ***Champs-Elysées:***	11 monthly editions (US$118)	☐ Study supplement (US$44)
☐ ***Schau ins Land:***	5 monthly editions (US$69)	☐ Study supplement (US$20)
☐ ***Schau ins Land:***	11 monthly editions (US$118)	☐ Study supplement (US$44)
☐ ***Acquerello italiano:***	6 bimonthly editions (US$89)	☐ Study supplement (US$30)

Tennessee residents add 8.25% sales tax In Canada and Mexico, add US$4 postage.

Name _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

Credit card orders may be faxed to (615) 297-3138 • Outside the U.S. and Canada call (615) 383-8534.

For Faster Service, Order By Credit Card 1-800-824-0829

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

devotees hearing the sermons of Maharishi Mahesh Yogi and Shri Rajneesh, there is a crowded lineage. Perhaps the most important example of intellectual exoticism related to India can be seen in the European philosophical discussions in the eighteenth and early nineteenth century, among the Romantics in particular. The leaders of the Romantic movement, the Schlegel brothers, Schelling and others, were profoundly influenced by rather magnified readings of Indian culture.

From Herder, the critic of the rationalism of European Enlightenment, we get the magnificent news that "the Hindus are the gentlest branch of humanity," and that "moderation and calm, a soft feeling and a silent depth of the soul characterize their work and their pleasure, their morals and mythology, their arts." Frederich Schlegel not only pioneered studies of Indo-European linguistics (later pursued particularly by Max Müller), but also brought India fully into his critique of the contemporary West. While in the West "man himself has almost become a machine" and "cannot sink any deeper," Schlegel recommended learning from the Orient, especially India. He also guaranteed that "the Persian and German languages and cultures, as well as the Greek and the old Roman, may all be traced back to the Indian." To this list, Schopenhauer added the New Testament, which, in contrast to the Old, "must somehow be of Indian origin: this is attested by its completely Indian ethics, which transforms morals into asceticism, its pessimism and its *avatar* (i.e., the person of Christ)."

Not surprisingly, many of the early enthusiasts were soon disappointed in not finding in Indian thought what they had themselves put there, and many of them went into a phase of denial and criticism. Some of the stalwarts, Schlegel in particular, recanted vigorously. Others, including Hegel, outlined fairly negative views of Indian traditions, along with presenting loud denials of the pre-eminence of Indian culture—a claim that was of distinctly European origin. When Coleridge asked, "What are these potentates of inmost Ind?" he was really asking a question about Europe, not India.

In addition to veridical weakness, the exoticist approach to India has an inescapable fragility that can be seen again and again. A wonderful thing is imagined about India and sent into a high orbit, and then it is brought crashing down. All this need not be such a tragedy when the act of launching is done by (or with the cooperation of) the putative star. Not many wept, for example, for Maharishi Mahesh Yogi when the Beatles stopped lionizing him and left suddenly. When asked by the Maharishi why they were leaving, John Lennon had to say: "You are the cosmic one. You ought to know."

But it is a different matter altogether when the boom and the bust are thrust upon the victim. One of the most discouraging episodes in literary reception occurred early in this century, when Ezra Pound, W. B. Yeats and others led the chorus of adoration of the lyrical spirituality of Rabindranath Tagore's poetry, which was soon followed by thorough disregard or firm denunciation. Tagore was a Bengali poet of tremendous creativity and range (though his poetry does not translate easily, not even the spiritual poems that were so applauded). He was also a great storyteller, novelist and essayist, and he remains a dominant literary figure in Bangladesh and India. The versatile and innovative writer whom Bengalis know well is not the sermonizing spiritual guru invented in London; nor did he fit any better the caricature of "Stupendranath Begorr" and his family that we find later in Shaw's "A Glimpse of the Domesticity of Franklyn Barnabas."

V.

The different approaches have shaped the understanding of Indian intellectual traditions in the West in quite different ways. The exoticist and magisterial approaches have bemused and befuddled that understanding, even as they have drawn attention to India in the West. The exoticist outbursts bring India into many people's awareness in big tides of bewildered attention, but then they ebb, leaving not much behind. The tides, though, can be hard work, while they last. I remember feeling rather sad for the dejected racist I saw some years ago near the Aldwych station in London, viewing with disgust a thousand posters pasted everywhere carrying pictures of the obese—and the holy—physique of Guru Maharajji, then a great rage in London. Our dedicated racist was busy writing diligently under each of the pictures: "fat wog." In a short while that particular wog would have gone, but I don't doubt that the "disgusted of Aldwych" may have to chalk up "lean wog" under other pictures now.

It might be thought that since the exoticist approaches give credit where it may not be due, and the magisterial approaches withhold credit where it may well be due, the two might neutralize each other. But in fact they have very asymmetrical effects. Magisterial criticisms tend to blast the rationalist and humanist aspects of India with greatest force (this is as true of Mill as of Mayo), whereas exoticist admirations tend to build up the mystical and extrarational aspects with particular care (this has been so from Apollonius of Tyana to the Hare Krishna activists of today). The result of the two taken together is to bias forcefully the understanding of Indian culture away from its rationalist aspects. Indian traditions in mathematics, logic, science, medicine, linguistics or epistemology may be well known to the Western specialist, but they play little part in the general Western understanding of India. Mysticism and exoticism, by contrast, have a more hallowed position in that understanding.

Western perceptions and characterizations of India have considerable influence on the self-perceptions of Indians themselves. This is certainly connected with India's colonial past, and with its continued deference to what is valued in the West. But the relationship is not just a matter of docile submission. It sometimes includes vigorous resistance and protest. Still, even the negative responses make the offending Western conceptions deeply influential in a dialectical way.

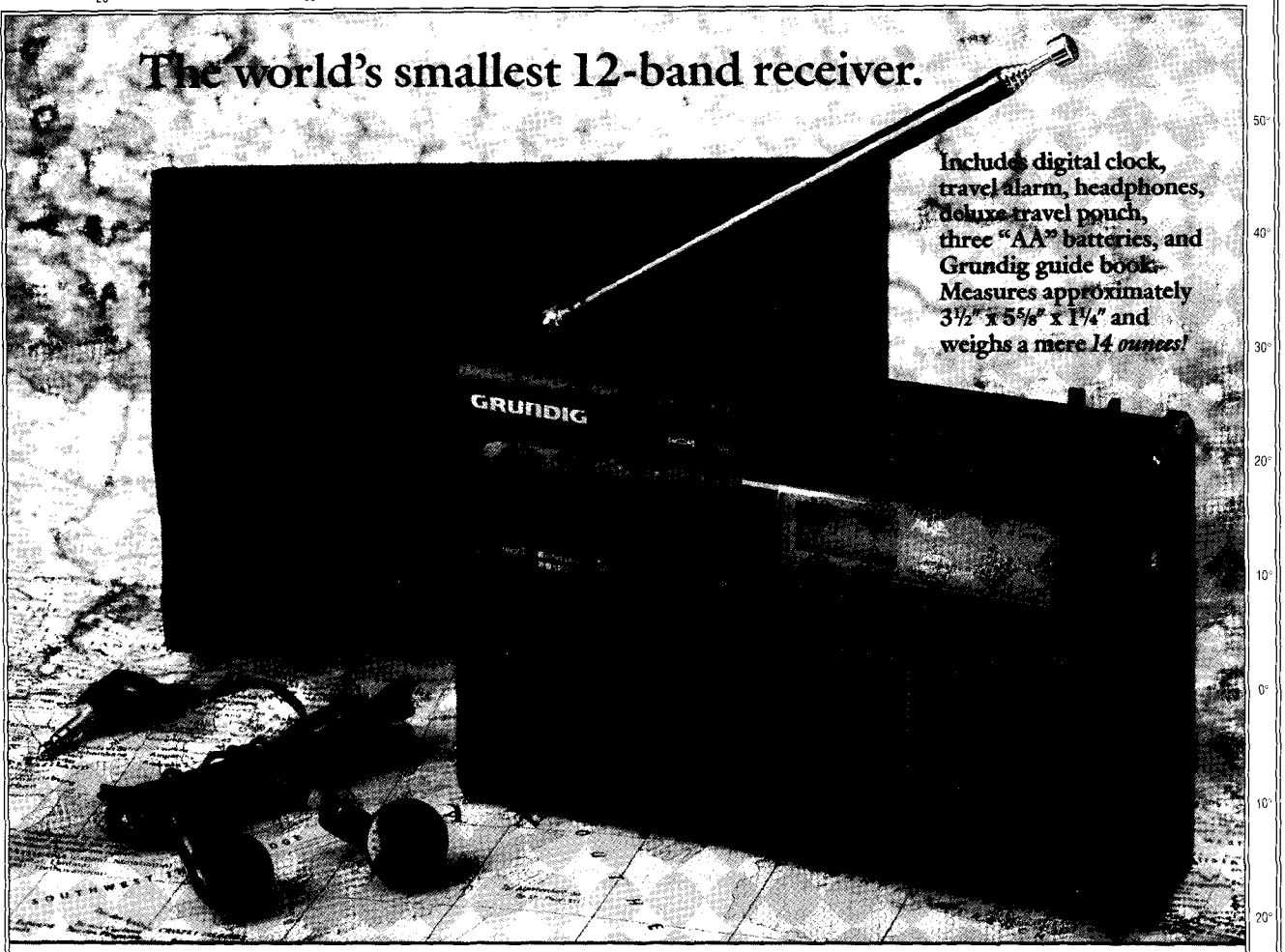
The European exoticists' interpretation and praise of India found a large welcoming audience in colonial India, and to some extent it even had a political role in the nationalist movements for independence from Britain. The ecstatic appreciations were quoted again and again, and the negative remarks by the same authors (Herder, Schlegel, Goethe and others) were frequently enough systematically overlooked. In his *Discovery of India*, Jawaharlal Nehru comments on this phenomenon:

> There is a tendency on the part of Indian writers, to which I have also partly succumbed, to give selected extracts and quotations from the writings of European scholars in praise of old Indian literature and philosophy. It would be equally easy, indeed much easier, to give other extracts giving an exactly opposite viewpoint.

In the process of accepting the exoticist praise, the Indian interpretation of the past has tended to move in the direction of the objects of exoticist praise, focusing more on the mystical and the anti-rationalist. That process was fed also by negative critiques of Indian culture, coming particularly from magisterial views. In responding to those critiques (this was important for Indian nationalism), it was too easy to cite appreciation from other Europeans, and this gave the exoticist championing of the specialties

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The world's smallest 12-band receiver.



Includes digital clock, travel alarm, headphones, deluxe travel pouch, three "AA" batteries, and Grundig guide book. Measures approximately 3½" x 5⅝" x 1¼" and weighs a mere *14 ounces!*

The world is at your fingertips with...

The Grundig World Band Receiver

© 1992 MBI

Announcing a revolutionary breakthrough in world-band radios...from Grundig, the leader in German shortwave electronics. This miracle of miniaturization is not sold in U.S. stores or catalogs—only Willabee & Ward has it!

Tune in to events around the globe.

The RK-709 is the world's smallest 12-band receiver—AM, FM, FM Stereo (with headphones, included), and *all* 9 major shortwave bands. Small enough to fit into a pocket, briefcase, or purse, yet big on features. Telescoping antenna pulls signals from anywhere in the world. Listen to legendary BBC newscasts—the best in the world. Hear what Radio Moscow is saying about Yeltsin, and President Clinton. Listen to the Voice of America for news from home when you travel abroad. Follow a crisis or breaking story wherever you are and no matter where it's happening: Baghdad, Barcelona, Beijing or Los Angeles.

You don't have to pack a travel alarm, either.

You won't need it—this is better. The RK-709 wakes you with the radio or its ingenious "Humane Wake System"—the tone begins softly and gathers volume until you wake up! The digital alarm clock features a sleep timer that turns off the radio 10 to 60 minutes after you turn in!

Only $159!
Payable in monthly installments.

The Grundig RK-709 is only $159 (plus $7.50 shipping/handling), payable in convenient monthly credit card installments. Includes deluxe carrying pouch, three "AA" batteries, and stereo headphones. One year warranty, 30 day money back guarantee. Order today.

Don't be confused by other 4, 5, 7, or 9 band radios. Grundig's RK-709 is today's best buy on a real 12 band receiver.

CALL TOLL-FREE: 1-800-367-4534 Ext. 623-410

Willabee & Ward
47 Richards Avenue
Norwalk, Conn. 06857

Satisfaction guaranteed.

CALL TOLL-FREE: 1-800-367-4534
Ext. 623-410

Please send me ____ Grundig RK-709 World Band Receiver(s). For each receiver, charge 4 installments of $41.63* to my credit card:

☐ MasterCard ☐ VISA
☐ Discover ☐ Am. Ex.

Credit Card # _____ Exp. Date _____

Name _____
PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

Signature _____
(All orders subject to acceptance.)

☐ I prefer not to pay by credit card and will pay by check. Enclosed is my check for $159* plus $7.50 shipping/handling, a total of $166.50 for each receiver.

*Any applicable sales tax will be billed with shipment.

Phone orders normally shipped next business day.
Higher shipping/handling outside U.S.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the East further prominence.

All this has helped to undermine an adequately pluralist understanding of the nature of Indian intellectual traditions within India itself. There is no single Indian tradition. It is a question of balance. While India has inherited from its past a vast religious literature, a wealth of mystical poetry, grand speculation on transcendental issues and so on, there is also a huge and often pioneering literature, stretching over two-and-a-half millennia, on mathematics, logic, epistemology, astronomy, physiology, linguistics, phonetics, economics, political science and psychology, among other subjects concerned with the here and now.

Indeed, even on religious subjects, the only world religion that is firmly agnostic, that is, Buddhism, happens to be of Indian origin; and the atheistic schools of Cārvāka and Lokāyata have generated extensive arguments that have been seriously studied by Indian religious scholars themselves. Thus the fourteenth-century book *Sarvadarśansamgraha* (Collection of All Philosophies) by Mādhava Ācārya (himself a good Vaishnavite Hindu) devotes its first chapter to a serious presentation of the arguments of the atheistic schools.

What I am disputing is not the importance of mysticism and religious initiatives in India, which are certainly plentifully there, but the overlooking of all the other intellectual activities that are also abundantly present in that thoroughly plural culture. The picture of India overwhelmed by religious preoccupations is a portrait of grave sobriety, but if it were said that India is a country of fun and games in which chess was invented, badminton originated, polo emerged and the ancient *Kāmasūtra* told people how to have joy in sex, that too would not be an erroneous account, though it would be an unlikely account to be given today.

How does the influence that Western understandings of India have on the self-perceptions of Indians affect the nature of the politics of contemporary India? It would, of course, be absurd to think of Indian politics in primarily exogenous terms, but there are some linkages. First, the nature of exoticist reading has typically had a strongly "Hindu" character. This was present, in a way, even in William Jones's pioneering investigations, except that he was to some extent redressing the relative neglect of Sanskrit classics in the preceding Muslim regimes (even though the version of the *Upanishads* that Jones first read was the Persian translation prepared by the Moghul prince Dara Shikoh, the eldest son of Emperor Shah Jahan, who built the Taj Mahal). The European Romantics tended to identify India with variants of Hindu religious thought. Their impact on Indian perception has been to strengthen that alleged identity of India with Hinduism, making it a little easier for the Hindu political activists of today to argue for a specifically Hindu view of India.

Second, as I suggested earlier, the magisterial dismissals (by Mill, Macaulay and others) of the value of the Sanskrit classics contributed to something of a dissociation of modern Indian education from its classical roots. One of the interesting features of the contemporary revival of Hindu extremism is its utterly ahistorical nature, which permits reinventions of the past to suit the demands of political expediency. The confounding of epic stories with scriptural texts in magnifying the role of Ayodhya in Hindu religious thought is one example. Modern reconstructions of the past would have to be more restrained if there had been more widespread knowledge of the real classical traditions of India.

Third, the newly popular Hindu politics of recent years makes much use of obscurantism, linked to the increasing force of anti-rationalist thought in general. The strengthening of the mystical parts of the Indian traditions at the cost of the rationalist parts owes something, again, to the impact of exoticist praise and magisterial denunciation.

Georges Ifrah, the historian of mathematics, quotes a medieval Arab poet from Baghdad called al-Sabhadi, who said that there were "three things on which the Indian nation prided itself: its method of reckoning, the game of chess and the book titled *Kalila wa Dimna* [a collection of legends and fables]." This is not altogether a different list from Voltaire's cataloging of the important things to come from India: "our numbers, our backgammon, our chess, our first principles of geometry and the fables which have become our own." These selections would not fit the common Western image of India today. Nor would they fit the way many Indians perceive themselves and their intellectual past. The selective alienation of India from a very substantial part of its own past has been nourished by the asymmetric relation between India and the West. And it is the rationalist part of India's tradition that has been most affected by this alienation. •

Provide, provide

BY ALAN BRINKLEY

The New Dealers: Power Politics in the Age of Roosevelt by Jordan A. Schwarz

(Knopf, 411 pp., $27.50)

For most of the last fifty years, the term "New Deal liberalism" has described a reasonably coherent approach to economic and social policy. It has meant, above all, a commitment to a moderate Keynesianism and to a generous welfare state. The state would manage economic growth through a combination of fiscal and monetary policies and would, on the whole, avoid direct interference with the processes of private investment. And the government would maintain an increasingly extensive welfare state to compensate for capitalism's inevitable limitations (and, not coincidentally, to spur economic growth by increasing consumer demand).

To a growing number of recent scholars, however, this postwar definition of "New Deal liberalism" has come to seem quite different from the real thing. The New Deal itself, of course, did promote such policies. But in the 1930s, at least, it also embraced a great many other ideas and experiments, many of which have been largely forgotten by those who have since appropriated its name. Jordan A. Schwarz, a historian at Northern Illinois University and the biographer of Bernard Baruch and Adolf Berle, has set out in this challenging book to retrieve what he considers one of the New Deal's most important, if relatively neglected, legacies: its successful experiment in what he calls "state capitalism" and what others call "public investment."

The real New Dealers, Schwarz argues, were not the prudent Keynesians of the 1940s, or even the men and the women who designed the Social Security Act and the Wagner Act in the 1930s.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The real New Dealers were the ambitious, farsighted policymakers who understood that the federal government could be a powerful engine of economic development, and who used public investment to develop the South and the West. "The New Dealers," he states in his introduction,

> sought to create long-term markets by building an infrastructure in undeveloped regions of America. The New Dealers believed that national economic growth was stifled by the monopolization of capital and manufacturing in the Northeast quadrant of the country—making the South and the West undeveloped countries. They concluded that relief and recovery were stopgap solutions to the problems of unemployment and stagnation; poverty required development through hitherto unimagined quantities of public investment.

Jordan advances his argument by means of a series of well-crafted biographical profiles, which together take his story more or less chronologically from the origins of modern "state capitalism" in World War I to its denouement after World War II. In the process, he restores to prominence several important figures in the history of twentieth-century political economy whose reputations have largely slipped into the shadows.

Chief among them is William Gibbs McAdoo, Woodrow Wilson's secretary of the treasury (and son-in-law), the celebrated railroad "czar" during World War I and perhaps the pre-eminent Democrat of the early and mid-1920s. McAdoo's posthumous reputation has been clouded by his unsuccessful presidential campaign in 1924, during which he refused to repudiate the support of the Ku Klux Klan. But Schwarz reminds us that, whatever his political mistakes, McAdoo was a formidable, even visionary, figure. A native of Tennessee who spent many successful years on Wall Street, he came early to understand how badly his region suffered from limited access to capital. He envisioned a new economic order, in which the federal government would do what the northeastern financial community had consistently failed to do: assist in the economic development of the South and the West through public investment. He was, in effect, an early prophet of state capitalism, even if he himself never had much opportunity to implement his ideas.

The New Deal translated much of McAdoo's vision into reality. It spent billions in government funds on great public projects that not only helped alleviate the immediate problems of unemployment and economic stagnation, but also made permanent contributions to the nation's economic development. It built dams, bridges, highways, harbors, schools and hospitals. It controlled flooding and erosion in the Tennessee Valley and elsewhere. It created vast systems of public power, which made electricity affordable to millions of Americans for the first time. It funded the electrification of hundreds of thousands of rural areas. During World War II, it financed the construction of enormous new industrial plants, many of which were converted from military to civilian production after 1945 and became essential parts of the postwar industrial boom.

These projects were disproportionately beneficial to the South and the West—and by design. Many of the New Dealers understood that the nation's future depended on creating flourishing new markets in these undeveloped regions; that cultivating the economic potential of what would later be called the "Sunbelt" could be America's economic alternative to colonialism. And so it is not surprising, perhaps, that Schwarz focuses particular attention on a group of financiers within the government whom historians have not often considered significant New Dealers.

Among them is Jesse Jones, the calculating Texas banker who headed the Reconstruction Finance Corporation (RFC) from its inception in 1932 and continued to control the government's principal investment bank until the end of World War II. Jones is remembered primarily as a cautious conservative, always resisting the efforts of liberals to lend money more widely and more expeditiously. And he was, it is true, famously parsimonious. But Jones had made his career by attracting federal funds to Houston for projects that had greatly increased the city's economic prospects and his own fortune. He understood the importance of what his agency could do. And if his lending policies favored healthy, established firms over struggling ones, they nevertheless contributed in vital ways to the great public projects that changed the face of the South and the West.

Other Texans, among them Sam Rayburn and Lyndon Johnson, were similarly committed to those New Deal projects that were helping to develop their region. They disliked and mistrusted Jones, and they tried at times to challenge what they considered his restrictive and elitist lending policies. But they shared much of his vision of an economically expanding Southwest assisted by federal funds; and they used their considerable political skills to ensure that Texas received from Washington what it could never acquire from Wall Street: the capital it needed to become an economic powerhouse.

Schwarz also attempts to revise traditional assessments of several men whose credentials as liberals or "New Dealers" are more firmly established: Felix Frankfurter, William O. Douglas, Jerome Frank, Thomas Corcoran, Benjamin Cohen, David Lilienthal. With the exception of Lilienthal, none of these men enjoys much of a reputation as a proponent of state capitalism. Most of them are better known as critics of monopoly or advocates of regulation and planning. But all were sympathetic to public investment as a vehicle for economic recovery and regional development. All considered the New Deal's experiments in "state capitalism" among its most valuable enterprises.

World War II brought a new urgency to state capitalism. After a decade of excess plant capacity, most capitalists were reluctant to make major investments in new factories; they feared that the need for them would vanish when the war ended and (as many expected) the Depression returned. The New Dealers pressed, therefore, for a massive program of public investment in new plants, and they formed alliances with the few progressive businessmen who embraced their goals. Schwarz provides a particularly interesting portrait of Henry Kaiser, now a relatively obscure figure but in the 1940s so admired a businessman that he was widely discussed as a possible presidential candidate. Kaiser recognized the importance of federal financing both to his region (the Pacific Northwest) and to his construction firm's ability to compete with larger corporations and cartels. He was a staunch defender of the Defense Plant Corporation, a subagency of the RFC that invested hundreds of millions in new industrial capacity, and other wartime measures to provide capital for productive enterprises. Not coincidentally, he profited enormously from such policies.

After 1945, Schwarz contends, the state capitalism that had done so much to define the New Deal began to assume different forms, and eventually it lost its place of honor in the liberal policy world. In the immediate aftermath of the war, New Dealers attempted to export their philosophy of public investment overseas: first through American occupation policies in Germany and Japan and later through the Marshall Plan and other programs of American financial assistance. Remnants of such visions survived into the 1960s, in the Agency for International Development, in the World Bank and even in Lyndon

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Johnson's ambitious and rather bizarre plan to create a "TVA" on the Mekong Delta in Vietnam. Domestically, public investment assumed less visible forms. Most of the agencies that had promoted state capitalism in the 1930s—the RFC, the Rural Electrification Administration, the Public Works Administration, the Works Progress Administration and others—were abolished by Congress during or shortly after the war. No new planning or investment agencies emerged to replace them. But public investment continued nevertheless in disguised but effective forms, through spending on interstate highways and above all on defense, until at least the 1960s.

What destroyed state capitalism in the end, Schwarz argues, was inflation and Reaganism. By trying simultaneously to fight a war and to expand domestic social programs without raising taxes, Johnson helped to begin nearly fifteen years of inflation that undermined the state's ability to invest and the public's willingness to support it. Then the debased Keynesianism of the 1980s and early 1990s, and the crushing public and private debt it helped produce, eliminated what residual support remained for state capitalism. But the need for public investment has survived, Schwarz insists, and the task of liberals today is to begin rebuilding a case for it. "State capitalism is needed now to redevelop the sagging American infrastructure," he writes in his conclusion. "Americans have to learn anew that they are only as good as their education, their health and their markets. They are still capable of great projects; they are still capable of being New Dealers."

Schwarz is a perceptive historian and a good writer, and his book is a significant contribution both to New Deal scholarship and to contemporary policy debates. But the important argument that lies at the heart of this study is not, in the end, as well developed as Schwarz intends. One reason is his reliance on biographical profiles, which do not always lend themselves very well to advancing his interpretive scheme. Some of the figures he has chosen—McAdoo, Jones, Lilienthal—were indeed centrally involved with public investment and illustrate very well the idea of state capitalism. Others—Brandeis, Frankfurter, Corcoran, Frank, Douglas, Wright Patman—were sympathetic to public investment but not often principally concerned with advancing it. Schwarz describes their careers with admirable clarity, but in doing so he at times submerges his own argument to the point of near invisibility. There is, in the end, an imbalance between the powerful interpretive claims with which Schwarz begins and ends his book and the somewhat fragmented and essentially narrative character of much of what comes in between.

Schwarz is certainly correct that public investment has fared badly since the end of World War II. He titles his epilogue "Development's Contraction," and he echoes the common complaints of contemporary liberals about the failure of government to combat the crumbling of the nation's physical and educational infrastructure. The Clinton administration has made modest efforts to revive interest in state capitalism and has gone to great pains—first in last year's campaign, and again in promoting the administration's economic program—to distinguish between "spending" and "investment." But the distinction between them has so eroded that the president has been unable to persuade Senate Republicans, and perhaps much of the public as well, that it is significant.

Having raised the vital question of why support for state capitalism has declined, Schwarz does not provide a fully satisfactory answer. Inflation and debt were certainly important to the demise of public investment. But so was the failure of liberals in the immediate aftermath of World War II to make an effective case for its value. The relatively conservative Keynesianism that liberals so eagerly embraced in the 1940s and 1950s, with its heavy emphasis on consumption and its relative lack of attention to production, itself helped undermine the argument for public investment long before the Vietnam War began to do so. John Kenneth Galbraith and a few other liberal Keynesians continued through the 1950s and 1960s to urge federal spending on public projects as a way both to stimulate short-term economic growth and to contribute to long-term national development, but their arguments could not compete with the more soothing voices of Walter Heller and other moderates, who preferred to focus on immediate consumer demand and argued that tax reductions were the quickest and most efficient way to stimulate expansion.

What public investment there was after World War II found itself under attack from many directions. Conservatives attacked (and continue to attack) public works projects as "pork." In some cases, of course, they are right. But they have succeeded in diverting attention from the important contributions that spending on highways, schools and other public projects has made to postwar economic growth. Liberals attacked (and continue to attack) defense spending as a diversion of national resources into unproductive enterprises, as much of it is. But they have ignored the many ways in which the military has driven the development of crucial technologies and production techniques, which have had a broad impact on the economy as a whole. Largely bereft of direct ideological support, "state capitalism" entered the age of inflation and the age of Reagan with little defense against the attacks it would soon encounter.

This is a book with which Schwarz clearly intended to engage contemporary policy debates (even if he could not have known that it would appear at the very moment that the White House is shaping new proposals for state capitalism). Many leaders and groups have struggled to claim the mantle of the New Deal in the nearly fifty years since Franklin Roosevelt's death, and Schwarz now contends that supporters of public investment should make their claim as well. And though Schwarz has done less than he apparently intended here, he has succeeded very well in presenting a history that could—if policymakers are so inclined—help legitimize a policy currently struggling for credibility.

But support for state capitalism was not, of course, the whole of the New Deal, any more than the Keynesian welfare state liberalism that Schwarz is implicitly challenging was the whole of it. Liberals in the 1930s promoted public investment in an economic world that no longer exists. The South and the West are no longer economic "frontiers" awaiting development; if anything, they are suffering now (at least in some areas) from excessive growth. The problem facing the United States today is not inadequately developed domestic markets; it is the inability of American manufacturing to compete with foreign producers to serve those markets.

The case for public investment was powerful in the 1930s because it was linked to a larger process of reconsidering the relationship between state and capital, a project shaped by the particular problems of the Great Depression. If that case is to become powerful again, it will need to become part of a broad reconsideration based on the very different problems of the 1990s. The history of the ambitious builders whom Schwarz describes can certainly assist in that reconsideration. But to use history effectively, today's policymakers will need to understand both what they share with the New Dealers and what they do not.

ALAN BRINKLEY is professor of American history at Columbia University.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Prophet with Honor

By Diana Ketcham

Collected Writings, Volumes 1 & 2 (1894–1931; 1931–1932) by Frank Lloyd Wright edited by Bruce Brooks Pfeiffer

(Rizzoli, each volume 400 pp., $60, $40 paper)

Frank Lloyd Wright by Meryle Secrest

(Knopf, 634 pp., $30)

The Wright Style: Recreating the Spirit of Frank Lloyd Wright by Carla Lind

(Simon and Schuster, 224 pp., $50)

In the parlor game of classifying art as elitist or populist, Frank Lloyd Wright qualifies as a geniune populist. A son of the Midwestern heartland who was brought up by farmers and preachers, Wright conquered twentieth-century architecture in the name of a particularly American kind of genius. His were the virtues of frontier individualism: stamina, practical ingenuity, a cranky independence of mind, a boundless belief in his own destiny. In an architectural career that extended from 1893 to 1959, Wright produced a thousand designs (half of them were built) for every region of the country. Although he attempted every type of building, including the skyscraper, Wright earned his fame as a designer of houses. He claimed that "the small house" was the architect's greatest challenge, and he applied a dazzling inventiveness not only to homes for the wealthy, but custom houses for schoolteachers and newspaper reporters, prototype homes for women's magazines, prefabricated houses and suburban plans that integrated his residences into a total community.

In the American suburban house, Wright gave the world an imperishable symbol of Modernity. As an icon of progressive living, it was not only efficient and affordable, it partook of the exhilaration of the frontier landscape. It was Wright's accomplishment, unique among modern architecture's first generation, to marry the urban glamour of the modern with the romance of the wide open spaces. The address of his dream house could be a flat city lot in Oak Park, Illinois, or a creekside hill at Bear Run, Pennsylvania, but the implied setting is always the sweeping reaches of the West.

The public was captivated by Wright's domestic imagery. From 1930, when the writer Alexander Wollcott pronounced him "the only living American" who deserved "the word genius," to his death in 1959, at 91, Wright was America's most popular architect. And so he remains thirty-four years later, as witnessed by the events celebrating the 125th anniversary of his birth this past year. These include the triumphant opening of the restored interior of his Guggenheim Museum in Manhattan, the premiere in Madison, Wisconsin, of *Shining Bow*, an opera based on his life, and a flood of anniversary books.

Wright's status as an American folk hero is largely his own creation, the fruit of a lifetime of bold self-promotion. A prolific and provocative writer and speaker, Wright was our first media-star architect. We observe him creating this role in the first volumes of the *Collected Writings*, which cover the period from 1894 to 1932, as he courts the public from the pages of *The Ladies' Home Journal* and from the podium of Jane Addams' Hull House. The persona that he developed, a Perot-like man of the people, is marked by a zestful, can-do style of problem-solving, a scorn for experts and a lawlessness justified by appeals to public opinion. In the great marital and financial battles of his life, Wright fought his case in the press, and he was usually vindicated, though the proceedings could be undignified.

In 1911, having left his wife and six children and installed himself with a mistress at his rural retreat Taliesin East, Wright called a press conference on Christmas Day to explain his philosophy of free love to the farm community of Spring Green, Wisconsin. When the combination of debt, adultery and an FBI investigation threatened Wright with ruin in 1927, an editorial in the *Twin City Register*, followed by a letter from Carl Sandburg and The New Republic editor Robert M. Lovett to the district attorney, prompted Wollcott and other intellectuals to restructure Wright's debt and save Taliesin from the bailiff.

In our own decade Wright's name has again figured in the annals of sensational journalism, in connection with the troubled fortunes of baseball and pizza tycoon Thomas Monaghan. At the height of the '80s art boom, Monaghan amassed an ambitious collection of Wright furniture and artifacts that he displayed at the Michigan headquarters of Domino's Pizza; but the Domino's museum is now closed, with the collection reportedly being claimed by Monaghan's creditors. Wright himself was often in trouble with the Wisconsin banks for borrowing against his collection of Japanese prints, which his creditors finally sold at auction in 1927.

It was Wright's rapport with his public that makes him seem most our contemporary. Reflecting on this today, one is struck by the split between his popular following, which supports a veritable industry in publications and home furnishings, and his status among the architectural intelligentsia, where he is the object of respectful neglect, an acknowledged genius not much discussed.

There is a particular irony about the silence surrounding Wright's name now, since the most intense debate in architecture in the past two decades amounted to a vindication of most of what Wright stood for: as the tenets of the International Style were being challenged by the postmodern intelligentsia in those years, Wright's reputation should have risen. For Wright had been the voice of the opposition during the fifty-year reign of the International Style in this country. He resented the tastemakers of the '30s, in particular Philip Johnson, for passing over his "organic" architecture, with its backward-looking associations with the Arts and Crafts tradition, in their rush to promote a new generation of European innovators. In a famous quip, Johnson dismissed Wright as the "greatest American architect of the nineteenth century." Wright retaliated by asserting his superior "American-

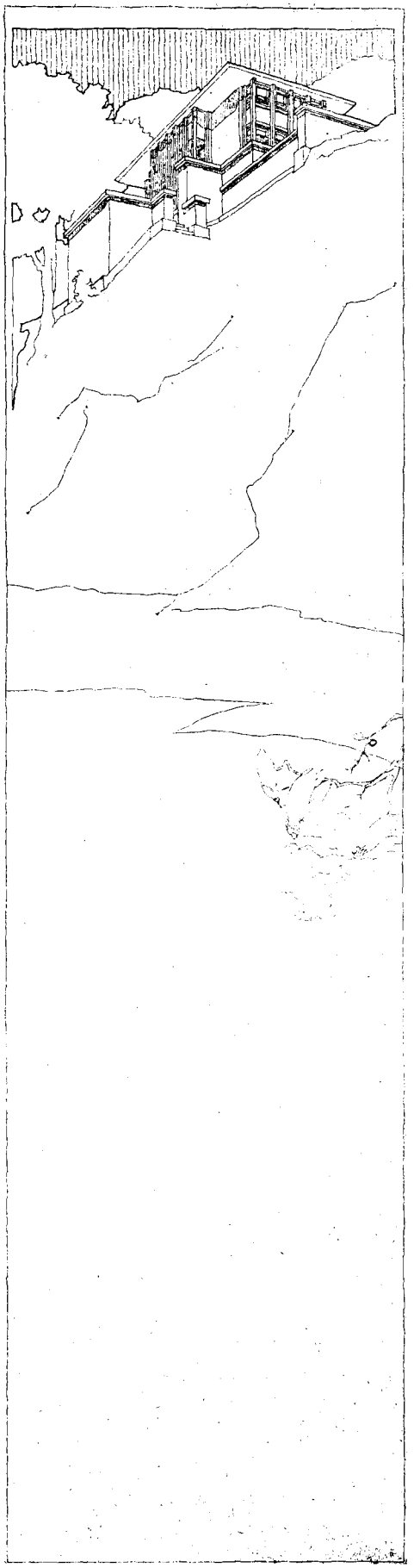
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ness" in contrast to Ludwig Mies van der Rohe and Le Corbusier and their following, which he vilified as "the evil crusade." Legend has it that in the 1950s Wright never walked down Park Avenue without cursing those International Style monuments, the Seagram and Lever towers, as "Whiskey" and "Soap." When their legacy was discredited in the 1970s, Wright's ghost was waiting to say, "I told you so."

For all who in those years came to agree with Robert Venturi's anti-Miesian jest that "less is a bore," Wright's intricate and expressive architecture offered what had been lost in the Modernist drive toward purity. If the postmodernists' nightmare was the "glass box" standing awkwardly in a desolate urban plaza, their ideal should have been the "Frank Lloyd Wright house": a low, gracefully ground-hugging structure, with individualized rooms both intimate and exciting, the interiors warmed by wood, brick and stone, and the whole harmoniously integrated into a breathtaking natural setting (yet located in a safe and convenient suburb).

At times, Wright's own words seemed to be echoed in the backlash against Modernism by figures at both the academic and journalistic ends of the intellectual spectrum. In 1981, when Tom Wolfe popularized the criticism of the International Style in *From Bauhaus to Our House*, he exhorted architects to "break out of the box" of the Modernist high-rise. As every architecture student should know, it was Wright who boasted that he "broke the box" of the Victorian house with his open plan. In his writings Wright rarely went beyond superficial bluster in his criticism of the International Style. He was too divided in his own mind, too vain about his own powers of technical innovation, too torn between desires to damn his young rivals and to claim that they had learned everything from his own work before 1910 (which in part they had). But behind Wright's self-promoting chauvinism and envious sniping was a reluctance to take first principles from the machine, and a fear for the "soul" of an architecture that did so. His warnings have gained resonance, as we witnessed the rise of a shallow corporate appropriation of the International Style.

The book that launched the postmodern counterrevolution, Venturi's *Complexity and Contradiction in Architecture* (1966), affirms Wright in its language and its concepts. Venturi used a vocabulary adopted from literary criticism, which included the central terms "complexity," "ambiguity" and a "hybrid style," to defend a Wrightian preference for fertile paradox over reductive logic. This was precisely the attitude that Wright was struggling to express when he called himself "a radical ... dedicated to a cause conservative" fifty years before. The correctives that Venturi proposed to the reductive excesses of Modernism—designing with an eye to context, the eclectic mingling of styles and genres—are so fundamental to Wright's thinking that it is possible to read Venturi's book as a call for a Wright revival. But none was to follow. Instead, the architectural intelligentsia found its heroes in such lesser-known eclecticists from the past as Edwin Lutyens, an English contemporary of Wright's. The reason, as we shall see, is that Wright was useful only in the polemical stage of the postmodern enterprise, as a stick with which to beat the dying horse of the International Style. In the next stage, when the postmodernist thinkers became builders, Wright became an embarrassment.



THOMAS P. HARDY HOUSE
DRAWING BY FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT

So today what we have is the Wright legend, along with a commercial industry in Wrightian artifacts, outstripping interest in how his buildings work. This trend may well have reached its apogee in two of the anniversary books. Carla Lind, director of the Frank Lloyd Wright Building Conservancy, concludes *The Wright Style* with a list of manufacturers of replicas and products "in the spirit" of Wright. And in her biography, Meryle Secrest, an art journalist and previously the biographer of Bernard Berenson and Salvador Dali, has chosen to concentrate on the life at the expense of his architecture, announcing that it is not within her "scope ... to chart the evolution of every great house."

Perhaps because she was an outsider to Wright circles, Secrest was drawn to the literary potential in the life story. She seizes the themes most evocative of certain of our cultural myths, forging them into a coherent and emotionally plausible narrative. The young Wright, as his earlier biographer Robert Twombly noted, is a Horatio Alger hero, enjoying a spectacular rise, then suffering an equally spectacular fall, owing to his weakness for women and elegant living. In midlife a second reversal of fortune occurred, with Wright, now in the guise of the risen phoenix, achieving a creative renaissance that culminated in his 70s and 80s. The narrative concludes with Wright the redeemed sinner living long enough to be forgiven by the enemies he made in the pursuit of his artistic vision. This story may not be wholly true, but it is less untrue than the version Wright promoted in *An Autobiography* in 1932, and like the autobiography it achieves moments of poetic aptness.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The story begins with the hero's birth in Richland Center, Wisconsin, in 1867, the son of a Welsh-born schoolteacher mother and a New England-educated father who was a lawyer, Baptist preacher, composer and builder of musical instruments. As a boy, Wright was not literally the poor farm lad of myth, but he was poor. In a famous passage in his memoir, Wright recalled the "nursery," where his mother hung woodcuts of English cathedrals, which along with blocks invented by the German educator Froebel were to inspire her first-born "to build beautiful buildings." But a photograph of the modest bungalow where Wright was born, which he would have shared with the three children of his father's first marriage, suggests that the nursery, if not the blocks and cathedrals, was a fantasy. The alternative to his parents' itinerant life was the farm community founded by his mother's Welsh pioneer family near Spring Green, Wisconsin. In 1909, in the great upheaval of his divorce and exile from Chicago, Wright would return to his ancestral valley to build Taliesin, his showplace farm and studio.

At 19, Wright set out for Chicago to make his fortune, his devoted mother in tow. Already adept at winning useful friends, he was taken on as an apprentice in the office of Adler and Sullivan. It was with the brilliant and iconoclastic Louis Sullivan, who despised the rising City Beautiful neoclassicism and was a master of organic ornament, that Wright was formed as an architect, a debt he was to acknowledge later in *An Autobiography* and other memoirs included in the *Collected Writings*. Still, Wright's behavior at the time can be taken as early evidence of a tendency to exploit his patrons. The brash Wright insisted that Sullivan raise his salary and lend him money, then in 1893 he left before his contract was up.

In his first years on his own in Chicago, Wright pioneered the low horizontal house in the so-called Prairie style. The forerunner of the American suburban ranch house, it immediately influenced Europeans such as Walter Gropius and Richard Neutra. Scholars are fond of noting that not all the innovations of Wright's proto-Modern houses are original to him. Yet the cumulative effect of his work before 1910, in the quantity (thirty-three) and the quality of houses produced, cannot be called anything but revolutionary. Wright took the multistoried Victorian revival-style house, brought it down to the ground, knocked out its interior walls, purified its furnishings and its decoration and—most radically of all—opened it up to nature.

Wright built on the Arts and Crafts

John Dubrow

Recent Paintings • June 8 to July 3

The artist is exclusively represented by

Salander-O'Reilly Galleries

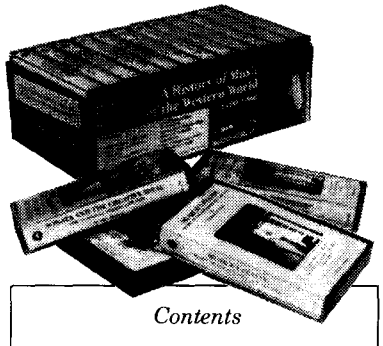
20 East 79 Street New York, NY 10021

Tel (212) 879-6606 Fax (212) 744-0655

A History of Music of the Western World

1100-1980

"...Condenses a vast subject into a concise and appealing format that stimulates the mind and whets the appetite for music."
Cleveland Plain Dealer



This new program is for anyone who likes music and would like to know more about it. Hundreds of musical examples are combined with explanatory comments by 15 prominent musical authorities. The stimulating discussions covering the period 1100 to 1980 are richly illustrated with authentic musical examples performed by major international orchestras and chamber groups.

The program is on 12 full-length audio-cassettes. Featured commentators include Dr. Christopher Page of Oxford University, Anthony Rooley, founder of the Early Music Centre in London, Christopher Hogwood, director of the Handel and Haydn Society, and many others. For the first time you can hear insightful discussion of the roots of our rich musical heritage and then moments later hear the actual pieces being played. As enthusiastic reviewer James Kinsey Bowman declared, "It's wonderful — no more flipping from book chapter to record 3, band 5. It's all right here."

Full information on lecturers, composers, and performing artists is included with each cassette. This attractively packaged program is only $89.50 postpaid and is available from Audio-Forum. To place your order call us toll-free at 1-800-243-1234, or Fax us at 203-453-9774, or write to:

Contents

1. Medieval Music 1100-1480
2. Music of the Renaissance 1480-1600
3. Baroque Period 1600-1750
4. Classical Period 1750-1830
5. Romantic Period 1830-1900
6. Modern Period 1900-1945
7. Contemporary Music 1945-Present
8. Approaches to Popular Music
9. History of Percussion Instruments
10. Story of Reggae and Calypso
11. Introduction to English Folk Music
12. Instruments around the World

AUDIO-FORUM® Room K635 , 96 Broad Street, Guilford, CT 06437

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

taste for asymmetry and intimacy, and its use of untreated natural materials, organic ornament and built-in furniture. Designing from the inside out, Wright created interiors that were warm and unpretentious in feeling, but more austere in their detail and vastly more bold and theatrical in their manipulation of space, with exaggerated horizontal lines and surprising variations in ceiling heights, enhanced by indirect lighting. His inventions in these and slightly later houses—open floor plans, indoor-outdoor patios, built-ins, horizontal bands of casement windows, disappearing corner windows, radiant heating, carports and flat roofs—were so widely adopted in the postwar suburban housing boom, notably by merchant builders such as Joseph Eichler in California, that we no longer associate them with Wright. They became the vernacular American ranch house.

On the basis of such achievements, Wright would have a place in the history of architecture if his career had ended in 1910, when his works were published by Wasmuth in Berlin. And end it nearly did. At 21, Wright had thrown himself into establishing the comfortable bourgeois existence that he lacked as a child. At 42, he was bored with his creation. In 1909 he ran off with an Oak Park client, first to Europe and then to Taliesin. Wright professed to be happy with the accomplished Mamah Cheney, but their idyll ended in catastrophe in 1914. While Wright was away from home working on Chicago's Midway Gardens, his mistress and six other members of the household were killed by a deranged kitchen employee, who attacked them with a hatchet and set Taliesin on fire. It was the beginning of a period of diminishing work, exile in Europe and Japan and domestic and financial chaos that went on for Wright, compounded by the Great Depression, for twenty-five years.

In the late 1930s Wright executed two bravura designs that launched his second career: the Johnson's Wax Administration Building in Racine, Wisconsin, and Fallingwater, the country house for Philadelphia department store owner Edgar Kauffmann at Bear Run, Pennsylvania. Having found obliging clients at last, Wright, who was nearing 70, set out to prove he was no has-been, but capable of more daring experiments in technique than his European rivals. Fallingwater is an engineering tour de force, cantilevering huge concrete trays out over a running waterfall. Resembling an explosion of forms in space, it shows Wright using modern technology for maximum theatrical effect. Gone is any sense of architecture in serene harmony with nature; instead there is a dynamic opposition that only an artist with Wright's understanding of his setting could have achieved. At the flat industrial site of Johnson's Wax, Wright exercised his imagination on the inside, inventing the "lily pad"—a concrete column of improbable thinness—and a translucent roof of Pyrex glass tubing. (The roof leaked and had to be replaced eventually, but the client was satisfied.) In these tours de force of technical innovation and symbol creation, Wright surpassed Eric Mendelsohn and Le Corbusier in their own modes, moving toward the sensuous rounded forms and grand lyrical abstractions of his final period, which culminated in the Guggenheim Museum.

During the last decade of his life, between the ages of 82 and 91, Wright completed designs for 300 commissions, nearly a third of his lifetime output. His comeback fascinates the mythmaker in Secrest, so much so that she begins to weigh the scales in her hero's behalf. In her eagerness to redeem Wright, Secrest concludes the book with the story that his first wife, Catherine, then in her 80s, came to her ex-husband's retrospective exhibition on the site of the Guggenheim in 1953, and that they shared a forgiving embrace. The evidence that any of this happened is shaky; but Secrest has been so skillful in her storytelling that the reader exults, for the moment, in the happy ending.

The biography's generosity toward its subject is refreshing on the whole. It has been a long while since Wollcott, Lewis Mumford and Henry-Russell Hitchcock trumpeted Wright's genius to the world. Since the '30s, writers have found it more to their advantage to debunk the great man, exploiting the comedies of the leaking roofs, crumbling concrete blocks and deck railings that had to be raised because the clients were taller than their five-foot-eight-inch architect—not to mention the embarrassments of his marital and financial misadventures. Wolfe argued that Wright invited ridicule because he was "too American" and "too productive." But it is also true that Wright demanded correction with his exaggerations and his outright lies. In this and other ways Wright was an impossible man.

After so many years, however, it is a relief to have the subject freed from a stale atmosphere of moral recrimination and professional rivalry. Generosity is even more appropriate in considering Wright's architecture, which carries valuable, though unfashionable, lessons. It is common to fault Wright for failing to leave a legacy of lasting usefulness, but when architects object that his plans based on the hexagon or spiral are too complicated, or that his materials are now expensive, they are simply admitting that building as interestingly as Wright built is not easy. For a tough-minded younger generation it is a more serious matter that Wright's entire vision is out of date. For those who believe that only a stark, unrefined, industrial-looking architecture is appropriate now, Wright's lyricism and utopianism belong to a lost paradise, a prosperous and expanding postwar America as remote as the nineteenth century to which Philip Johnson consigned him. Judged by the fashionable standard of "toughness," Wright's eloquence is bombast, his delight in comfort is decadence and his heroic aspirations sentimental and self-deluding.

Even for those who share Wright's ambitions, and they include many successful architects who came to prominence in the postmodern years, Wright is a problematic figure. Twenty years ago, his example provided ammunition for their revolt against their Modernist teachers. As builders today, however, how can they face such a daunting standard of comparison? It was Wright's genius (there is no other word for it) to have already conquered the territory where many of the anti-Modernist rebels of the 1970s planted their flags.

Eclecticism and ornamentation, so breezily recommended in their polemics, are not easy to practice. They require not only commitment but talent: an unwelcome truth proved by Wright's virtuosity. His finest eclectic exercises, such as the

Takeoff

Our jet storms down the runway, tilts up, lifts:
We're airborne, and each second we see more—
Outlying hangars, wetlands with a pond
That flashes like sheened silver and, beyond,
An estuary and the frozen drifts
Of breakers wide and white along a shore.

One watches, cheek in palm. How little weight
The world has as it swiftly drops away!
How quietly the mind climbs to this height
As now, the seat-belt sign turned off, a flight
Attendant rises to negotiate
The steep aisle to a curtained service bay.

TIMOTHY STEELE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Francis Little House interior at the Metropolitan Museum, give a meaning to eclecticism that few contemporary designs can match. Here is no pastiche of Japanese and Arts and Crafts features; here is a total aesthetic synthesis, which only a true form-giver could achieve. Similarly, it is difficult to think of any of the touted postmodern boutiques, showrooms and country houses that equal the drama and the luxury of Wright's jewel-like eclectic exercises in small, such as San Francisco's Morris Shop or La Miniatura in Los Angeles.

Wright achieved the richness of reference dear to the postmodernists without relying on the built-in associations of historical styles. The ambitiously self-educated Wright was steeped in tradition and far-reaching in his sympathies. What could seem more socially correct today than his interests in Mayan, Native American and Asian architecture? Yet he could not abide mimetic historicism. His example should be felt as a rebuke to the many contemporary designers who borrow literally from past styles, from Robert Venturi to Charles Moore to Thomas Beeby.

Wright's example is embarrassing, too, in that his is an eloquent architecture. Rejecting the referenceless "mute" walls of Modernism, the postmodernists called for a communicative architecture, with clear allusions and accessible meanings. Their own efforts have been characterized, however, by confused imagery and private symbolism that end up communicating nothing, a failure noted by the historian Jaquelin Robertson in 1983, when he referred to "the curious rich emptiness" of the new architecture. A straining after meaning is evidenced by the excessive use of historical ornament and traditional luxury materials in the '80s. Wright, on the other hand, is a communicative architect par excellence. Whether people think that his message concerns Welsh mysticism, American democracy or the order of nature, the force of his eloquence is felt, and it is the basis of his popularity.

Wright's accomplishment points up the failings of the architectural period that is now ending. This is why we need his example, not just his nostalgia value as a crank from American folklore. At a time when the housing crisis is a national scandal, Wright's career reminds us that housing the citizenry can be a glamorous enterprise. He is a welcome example of a virtuoso artist with a social conscience, a creator of individual masterpieces who also valued the public realm. However self-serving his motives, Wright used his podium to promote affordable housing. No fashionable architect of equal visibility does the same today.

Wright's access to the magazines made his custom houses available for imitation by merchant builders. But work intentionally designed in the public interest, such as the community plans and schemes for prefabricated building that he began in the 1910s and was still working on in the 1950s, never had sufficient backing from the government or sufficient success in the marketplace. When building resumed after World War II, Wright, who was the nation's most famous architect, failed to win the commissions that would have allowed him to implement what was by then a lifetime of thinking about low-cost housing and community planning. One wonders what Wright would have created for the Air Force Academy and the Oak Ridge nuclear installation, or at his massive Crystal Heights apartment complex in Washington, D.C. It is customary to blame Wright's prickly personality for his loss of such public projects. (The Marin County Civic Center was his single government job.) But the preponderance of private houses in Wright's oeuvre was, and still is, reflective of our national priorities. During those postwar boom years, prosperity showed itself in private building.

The public side of Wright's achievement is the least known to his popular following. Introducing it to a lay audience is one of the praiseworthy ambitions of the Wright retrospective that will be held at the Museum of Modern Art in the spring of 1994, at which prominence will be given to plans for the Usonian houses, the Usonian Automatic self-built houses, the American Ready-Cut System and community plans, including the original Broadacre City model built by Taliesin Fellowship apprentices in 1934. The opportunity to revisit his community plans is timely. In recent decades Wright's reputation for inspiring the flight from the city was detrimental to his image. But given the doubtful financial viability of the residential ideal of the '80s, mixed-use urban development, it may be necessary to put our faith in intelligently planned suburbs.

Wright was a utopian thinker who practiced the frontier virtues of industry and grit. It would be a travesty to dismiss him as a creature of easier times, of an expanding America where every family could have a ranch house with a patio and a view. To the "whiners" of the '90s, Wright's recession-year anniversary should be a reminder that there have been other and harder times. Wright weathered the Great Depression. He turned to experiments with affordable housing and suburban planning to survive the 1930s, and in the 1990s it is worth noting that he did no damage to his image as an artist and a hero.

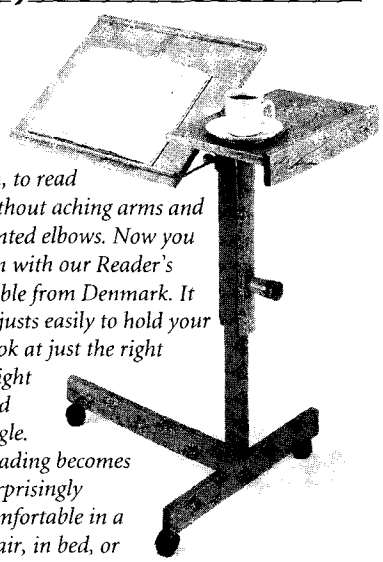
DIANA KETCHAM, an architecture critic in San Francisco, is the author of the forthcoming *Le Désert de Retz: An Eighteenth-Century Folly Garden* (MIT Press).

HOME STUDY COURSE
in economics. A 10-lesson study that will throw light on today's baffling problems. Tuition free—small charge for materials.
Write Henry George Institute, 121 E. 30th Street, New York, NY 10016

GOOD VIBRATIONS
Friendly, informative catalogs of sex toys, books & videos. Toys $4, Books & videos $4, Both $5 *(applied toward first order).*
938 Howard #NR
San Francisco CA 94103

PUBLISH YOUR BOOK
At A Price You Can Afford!
$1.97 EACH
Trim Size: 5½"x 8½" for 500 copies, 96 pg., Perfect Bound book.
From $529. Write for Price List.
800-277-8960 PROFESSIONAL PRESS
P.O. Box 3581 · Chapel Hill, NC 27515-3581

Lay Down Your Arms



Ah, to read without aching arms and dented elbows. Now you can with our Reader's Table from Denmark. It adjusts easily to hold your book at just the right height and angle. Reading becomes surprisingly comfortable in a chair, in bed, or beside a desk. An intelligent design and a handsome piece of furniture in natural cherry, dark cherry, teak, oak or black ash.

$199 + **$11.95** shipping via UPS ground
Assembly required—but worth it.
MC/VISA/AMEX/DI/Check • Florida add 6%
Money-Back Guarantee • Catalog on Request
800-544-0880 or 407-276-4141
LEVENGER®
TOOLS FOR SERIOUS READERS
975 S. Congress Ave., Code NRRT22, Delray, FL 33445

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RHINELAND DIARIST

Citizens

I REMEMBER IN MY YOUTH HEARing people say they wouldn't go to Spain so long as Franco ruled. In retrospect, certainly, the little acts of self-denial were conceits. Franco ruled Spain far less brutally than did the tyrants of the countries the self-deniers would visit as if on exhilarated pilgrimage to the future: the Soviet Union, for example, and Cuba. Franco also left his country less rubbled than they did, and Castro is not yet done with his rubbling. I'd never been to Germany until last week, and I've been wondering whether I had taken some similar unconscious oath not to go to Germany so long as ... so long as what? I know there are some Jews who just won't, can't. But I'm not one of them. In fact, the Germans seemed to me to have risen to the difficult career of democracy skillfully and faithfully. Still, I hadn't gone to a place that had a claim on my curiosity. I tell myself that I'd not been to the Scandinavian countries either, that my soul is with the Mediterraneans and not with the Northerners. But explanations don't work. Well, maybe I was one of them, after all, not the first time I'd shared an atavism of the Jews, and probably not the last.

THE TWIN LACE SPIRES OF THE Cathedral in Köln (or Cologne) delicately push away the clouds in one of those tangible displays of spiritual power in which the Gothic excelled. Two neighboring museums span the art history of the West, apparently without anyone charging that they are merely fulfilling some imperialist vocation. As almost everywhere in Germany there's a fetish for shards of the Jewish past. Köln also is an international center of the contemporary art market, rivaling New York. Bonn is a more languid town, and I felt no need to see its displays of Calder mobiles and Sam Francis blue and red paint droppings. In any case, I was in the Rhineland for a conference sponsored by the Bertelsmann Foundation on ethnicity and extremism, a timely topic now, and a timely topic whenever Germans and Jews meet, which is what we were doing for a day and a half in the slightly overgrand guesthouse at Petersburg, south of the capital.

THE HOOLIGANISM AGAINST FOReigners at Rostock last year has embarrassed the Germans, one of whom explained—persuasively, I think—that there will be more racial and ethnic violence in the old East Germany than in the West because tribal passions there were bottled up for so long by a stifling armed Marxism in power. It's one reason why neo-Nazism is in vogue in the Communist motherland, too. But no one, at least no one at the conference, was explaining away the persistent presence in German life of xenophobia and xenophobic thuggery, including haunting instances of anti-Semitism that, emerging with some regularity, inevitably evoke the ghosts of Hitlerism.

SENSITIVE AND SENSIBLE Germans still mortify themselves over anti-Semitism despite Germany having done more to purge this poison than any other country in Europe. So I and a few other Jews tried to put the lurking specter of German anti-Semitism in context: there is anti-Semitism, we told them, almost everywhere, where there are Jews and where there aren't Jews. Jewish cemeteries are vandalized often. Only last month two Boston suburbs, near where I live, were the sites of just such macabre happenings. It happens even in Sweden. There was no consoling these Germans who saw in their young thugs' fixing on the graves of Jewish dead some demonic rite, at once evil and mad. It is good that Germans not be easily consoled. But then it is also good that others know this.

IN THE PRESENT TORMENTS NOW gripping Europe, Germany has surely been its most responsible collective citizen. Though it rushed into the costly process of reunification, it has not used this as an excuse to turn its back on the 800,000 immigrants who yearly cross the borders to make a new life in Germany. This wave is a great compliment but, of course, also a burden. Part of Germany's burden is of its own making, having inscribed in its constitution an absolute right of asylum. Three hundred thousand Bosnian Muslims crossed into Germany during the last ten months, their asylum meaning the difference between life and death or, at best, life and terror. But most of the new arrivals are not really asylum-seekers. They are not in danger; they simply want a better life than they can have in their countries of origin. (The Federal Republic has just signed an agreement with Poland for the repatriation of 10,000 such would-be immigrants.) This is a worldwide problem, for us as much as the Germans. With porous European frontiers Germany will face more such migrants, not less. Political theory has hardly begun to deal with the equities in these situations.

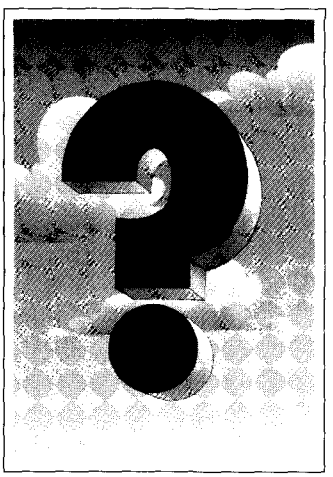
STILL, WHILE GERMANY HAS allowed many foreigners to settle, it has allowed few to become citizens. Maybe they thought the nearly 2 million Turks who came as guestworkers (2.5 percent of the populace) would finally yearn for home and go back. They won't. Many of their children are already German in all but title, not quite stateless people, then, but not citizens either. The advanced countries are now having to choose between being civic nations and ethnic nations, a choice they could elude so long as huge masses of "others" did not pass through their portals. It was easy to be a civic nation of individuals until new ethnics with new demands for ethnic rights put into question what "we" meant. This is tinder-box material, especially when ethnic and racial minorities demand cultural and political outcomes that they want to deny to the defining or founding majorities. This has not quite occurred in Germany, at least not yet, but it is happening in the United States—and the Germans can see the future.

THE GERMAN REPUBLIC IS LUCKY in these circumstances to have someone like Richard von Weizsäcker as its president. He speaks clearly but not more clearly than the truth permits. This is rare for someone in politics. But German politics is burdened by German history, and that history creates its own moral obligations, obligations to Germany's neighbors, to its friends and ineluctably also to the Jews. Sometimes history also impedes these obligations. It did so, I think, in Bosnia, where many Germans thought their army should have gone to intercede against a near genocide. Why they didn't is easy to grasp: Germany is still struggling with its own conscience; it is not yet ready to be the world's conscience. But not all Germans feel so constrained. At the conference I met a rising Social Democratic parliamentarian who explained his party's habitual criticism of Israel as an "expression of disappointed love." Rather circumspect on other external matters, he couldn't fathom what most Germans know instinctively, that one issue they're not qualified to judge is how the Jews protect their own lives.

MARTIN PERETZ

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERHAPS THE ONLY UNIVERSITY THAT REALIZES MOST 18 YEAR-OLDS HAVE NO IDEA WHAT THEY WANT TO DO WITH THEIR LIVES.



Most 8 or 9 year-olds know exactly what they want to be when they grow up. Most 17 or 18 year-olds don't.

And that, as we at Adelphi University see it, is as it should be.

We offer 17 and 18 year-olds a rather (for this day and age) unusual kind of college experience; one that, in the words of our president, Dr. Peter Diamandopoulos, "provides students with the learning necessary to reflect sensitively and judiciously on their place and their possibilities in the world."

Or as W.E.B. Du Bois (himself a graduate of Harvard, the Adelphi of Massachusetts) once put it, "the purpose of education is not to make men carpenters, but to make carpenters men." Substitute "lawyers" or "bankers" for "carpenters," and you get the idea.

ADELPHI UNIVERSITY Garden City, NY 11530. To arrange a tour, call 1-800-ADELPHI.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Come to
Marlboro
Country.
16 mg "tar," 1.2 mg nicotine
av. per cigarette by FTC method.
SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking
Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.
Philip Morris Inc. 1993

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED